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LESSER AND HAPPIER AUSTRIA

Tonic of Hope in a Country That Has Put Away Ambition and Gone to Work

By ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK

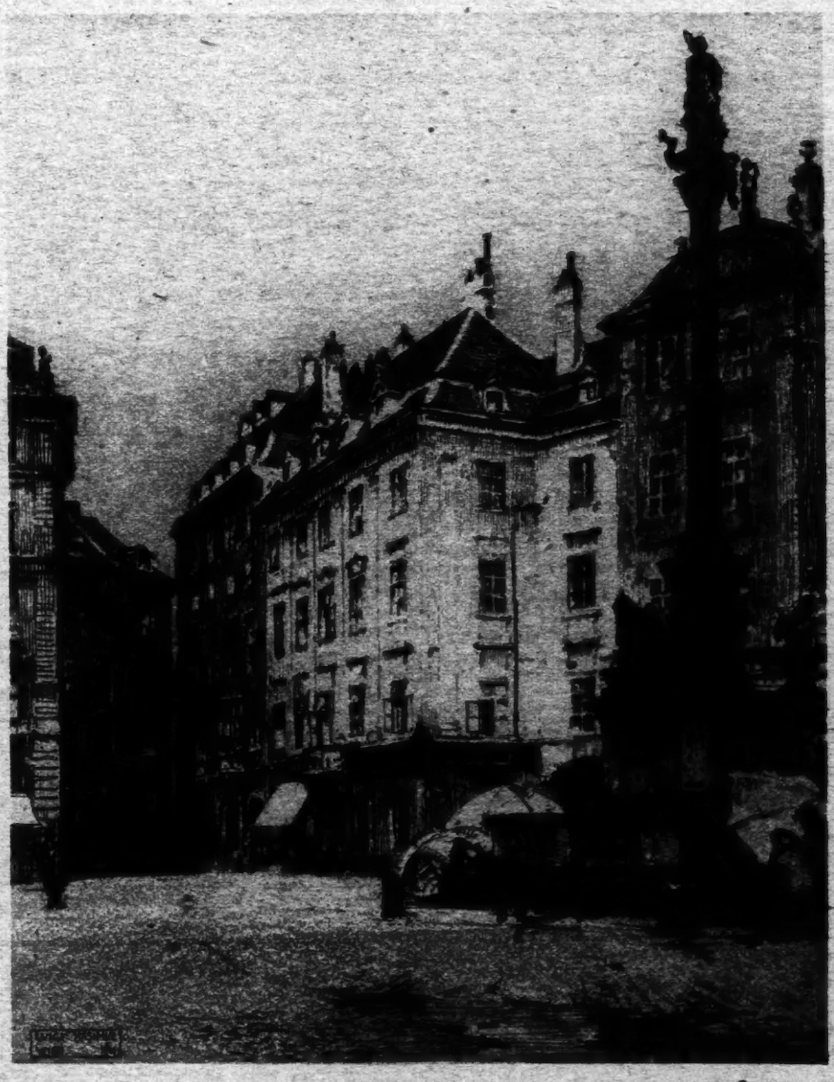
ALL the long Summer day the easy-going train slid through valleys as suave and green as a golf course. Fields sown with grain in various stages of ripeness overlapped like the harmonizing leaves in a book of wallpaper samples. Vegetable gardens filled in the odd corners with neatly stitched patches. Frothy little streams ran down the mountains, carrying fresh-cut logs and leaving grotesque bald spots in the thick growth of pines. The mountains were more cheerful and human than mountains often are; lumber camps and sawmills buzzed about their feet, with cosy villages of jolly white houses with Noah's ark roofs and flowers in the windows.

At every station crowds were coming and going; merry old women in clean kerchiefs; stout men and boys in short, tight jackets and bare knees, bursting out of their clothes; youths in feathered hats, and bare-headed youths in V-necked shirts and rolling collars. On the white roads one saw companies of walkers, men and women, bound for the mountains with packs on their backs. There were no automobiles, few horses, but everywhere people on the move, on foot or by rail. When the stopped, which was long and often, they gathered in laughing groups to drink beer and eat cherries or fat ham sandwiches. Sometimes they sang. Every stop was on a scene of bright color, motion and busy refreshment, like a decorous picnic.

Altogether a pleasant land, fruitful, ingratiating and gently gay. In the twilight the mountains flattened into a wide plain, planted with narrow gardens, new and anxious, that led to the city. A city wide spaced and dimly lighted. From the railway station to the hotel we drove through long streets, empty and dark windowed, echoing to the sharp beat of hoofs; through parked boulevards black with trees and so broad that the shaded lamps on the tables of the cafés along the sidewalks, the shadowy strollers, the faint trill of violins, seemed remote and merely scenic.

By day the darkened windows woke to life. They glittered amazingly with enamels, porcelains, polish and gilded leathers, beaded and embroidered dresses, silks, bronzes, colored glass. The shadows became substantial. Passing in front of the tempting windows, there were smart, well-shod girls in Summer frocks, invariably trimmed with frills; fat women, more "stylish stouts" than are to be seen even in Cincinnati; conventional men in tight collars looking no more worried and uncomfortable than tight-collared men in New York, and emancipated men in the prevailing low-neck fashion.

A far heavier traffic than they bore could hardly congest the wide, well-paved streets one crossed so easily. There were few private motor cars, but a fair number of taxis wheezed and rattled along, feeling their age, and pair after pair of high-stepping horses, like the last century prancing into the present, drew rubber-tired Victorias and yellow runabouts. Cafés spread tables at every corner, more and bigger and more constantly patronized cafés than anywhere else in the world. They served the best coffee in Europe—and the first real cream! And in the evening, in a city hedged with gardens, thousands of people dined well and wisely out of doors, swaying to sentimental music or dancing to the universal American jazz, here subtly harmonized, softened and slowed down. Other thousands sat spellbound in a park listening to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony directed by a great conductor in the light of the stars. In another park, commoner folk swarmed among the shooting galleries, the merry-go-rounds, the Ferris wheels, the quiet beer gardens of an older, simpler and pleasanter Coney Island.



Hoher Markt, Vienna.

Etching by Luigi Kasimir.

You ask what happy land is this that looks like peace in an old picture book, and what fortunate city, that eats, drinks and is merry to the sound of violins on midsummer nights. It is, five years after, the most defeated of all the countries in the great war, the most impoverished that once was rich, the most belittled that was once great, the most abandoned that once had powerful friends. It is the first impression of Austria that surprises the traveler who crosses that shrunken country from the new Italian frontier on the west to the eastern border. It is his first astonished view of Vienna seen ten years ago as the rich and brilliant metropolis of Central Europe, seat of an empire of 50,000, and still apparently as sparkling as ever, though it is now the top-heavy and unwieldy capital of a State only three times more populous than itself.

Austria has no jugular vein to squeeze. When corridors were being recklessly cut into Europe, no one ever thought of giving her even a look at the sea. She is a mountainous, resourceless parking space for 6,500,000 people, of whom 2,000,000 are huddled uselessly and insupportably in one city. She is entirely hemmed in, and deliberately blockaded by former tributaries that suffered her past glory and rejoice in her present subjection. With no assets and enormous debts, she is the most hopeless has-been among many nations that are not what they were. For years the world, and particularly America, has been giving first aid to Austria, partly because, with all her arteries cut, she actually was bleeding to death; partly because of that spiteful blockade of hostile neighbors, but mostly because the Austrian farmers, accustomed to being poor that Vienna might be proud, were not unwilling to see the vain and idle town go hungry while they were fed.

So we are told, and so, indeed, Austria was. There is no doubt about her desperate state. All the diagnosticians had their fingers on her faltering pulse. She was nearly done for. How, then, does she now look so lively to the casual eye? How is she able with gentle gayety to cheer the sad pilgrims from Kansas City and Portland, Me., harassed bargain hunters from a great Republic that has never known bankruptcy or hunger? How does she put on that prosperous rustic front? How does she fill her show windows with opulent traveling cases and fascinating clothes? Whence does she evoke for the edification of the passer-by, a population that seems to be forever engaged in enjoyable and leisurely digestion?

"Look deeper," said the successful Austrian seller of American cash registers to whom I put these immediate perplexities. "Look deeper," said the Austrian war widow I met at a tea. "Look deeper," repeated the Austrian Chancellor, a priest with steady eyes that seemed to probe as far as any eyes can into a world where things so seldom are what they seem.

I looked as deep as a spectator may. Knowing that the real Vienna was not to be seen around the Ring and in the Graben and the Kartnerstrasse, I went "slumming" to find the undernourished where they pool and hide their poverty. I soon discovered that there are no slums in Vienna in the sense that New York and London have slums. There is none of the overcrowding that makes the slit-like streets of old Rome and Naples so raw and ribald and rotten with life. There are no smells except the faint acridity of stale beer that hangs over a beer-drinking town. There is very little dirt. Paris and London conceal more squalor and decay than Vienna, where old buildings and crooked streets were swept away by a grand imperial gesture only fifty or sixty years ago. The result is that the Austrian capital, old as it is, is more homogeneously modern than Boston or New York. It—(*Continued on Page 24*)

Where Is Gentle Reader?

A Once-Popular Friend of Authors Drops Out of Sight

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WHAT has become of "The Gentle Reader"? He was with us but a short time ago, and writers were wont to address him in courtly confidential prefaces much as in former times they would address some noble patron. It was a gracious fashion, and had a significance deeper than that merely of a quaint formality. It implied a friendly relationship between writer and reader based on a common bond of respect for literature, and a tacit understanding that each owed a certain duty and courtesy one to the other, the writer to bring his best, and the reader to receive it with that sympathetic attention due to a serious effort to please him. Readers as well as writers were supposed, by their very interest in books at all, to form a certain aristocracy, an elect class in the community. Writer and reader alike were assumed to be "gentle." A certain distinction still clung about a book, and about the word "reader" there clung something of the distinction too that attaches to the word "scholar." Both reader and writer were supposed to have a common concern in the finer interests of humanity, what Mrs. Meynell has called "The Flower of the Mind." The term "gentle reader" had also another implication. It implied a leisurely enjoyment of the quiet, happy things of life and literature, the gentler emotions, the kindly humors, the tranquillities of nature, "the slow, wide thoughts of Time." Books were conceived as peaceful companionable things, soothers of the fever and fret of existance. We associated their pages with lamplight and the contented murmur of a log fire, or with sun-dappled arbors and the ripple of leaves. It was

O for a Book and shadie nooke,
Eyther in-a-doore or out.

And that leafy rhyme reminds me of a recent observation which I made in a quiet village of the Catskills, surrounded by the great calms and freshness of the hills. In front of the village Post Office one morning I came upon one of those charmingly conceived "vagabond" libraries, a little book shop on wheels, whose pleasant business it is to purvey literature to the dwellers among orchards and the sylvan solitudes. I wish I had made a more careful examination of the wares of the bookish Autolycus, and it may be that my too hurried glance gave me an unfust impression. But at that moment Autolycus was absent from his wagon and there was no one to interview. Therefore, as I say, my too cursory inspection may have been misleading. For what my eyes did immediately take in made me impatient and somewhat unhappy, by the incongruity between the books thus garishly displayed for the rural purchaser and the great wholesome spaces and pastoral freshness of their surroundings. "Women in Love" and other feverish works by D. H. Lawrence it was that first caught my eye. Then certain soul-sick masterpieces from Russia. The more "hectic" modern French writers. The typical literature of nerves and morbid states of mind, of spiritual unrest and revolutionary discontent. The books flashed garishly in the morning sun with those brilliant "futurist" jackets affected by the more "advanced" publishers. The little cart was in fact a window display from one of those fantastic little book shops in Eighth Street, New York, which are entertaining enough in their city environment, but—in the Catskills! Involuntarily there came into my mind those lovely lines from Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis:"

Some life of man unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground.

What was this little "vagabond" library doing, exhaling its strong pestilential odor of "psychoanalysis," among all this nobility and health of mountains and streams, "here with the shepherds and the silly sheep"? Who is it that wants Remy de Gourmont and Dostoievsky among the hills on a golden Summer morning? Whoever has such needs had better consult a doctor. Something is surely wrong with him. It may be that had I made a more careful examination I could have found the "Georgics," or" As You Like It," or "The Compleat Angler," or Thoreau's "Walden," at all events John Burroughs, on the little wagon, but I am pretty sure that I would not; and so I turned away and sought Tityrus, stretched under his beech tree, in the company of Pan and Old Sylvanus and the sister nymphs, teaching the woods to re-echo the name of his beautiful Amaryllis. His thoughts on love were, at all events, sweeter than those of Remy de Gourmont or Stendhal's "De l'Amour," and certainly much more in keeping with his pastoral surroundings. There are, I know, those who cannot enjoy "nature" without the accompaniment of a cocktail shaker and a jass phonograph, and maybe it was for such "sophisticates" that the vagabond bookshop was there as a sort of literary "bootlegger," but its presence was none the less a portent and an unhallowed intrusion upon those more normal "gentle readers" who "are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his providence, and be quiet, and go a-Angling." In the country surely, if nowhere else, old Izaak's final counsel, piously quoted from I. Thes., iv., 11, "Study to Be Quiet," should be the message that the book peddler brings us. And, whether in town or country, it is certainly a message of which at the present time we stand most sorely in need. It is not a question of good literature or bad, no silly question of provincial censorship over our literary "morals." Nor is it a question between "classic" and "contemporary" literature. It is a question of the need for a return to peace and quiet in our books, our need for rest and refuge from the prevailing storm and stress in our reading. There is no need for us to go to sleep, to ignore the serious issues of the hour, but we will be all the better able to weigh them profitably, if we "let up" for a while and "interpose a little ease" of quiet restorative reading. We have of late been doing so much ferocious reading of all sorts that a little "gentle" reading will be all to the good of our spiritual and mental equilibrium. We are in need of a course of what Oliver Wendell Holmes called "pillow-smoothing authors." It is unnecessary to say that such authors need not be somniferous or moralistic or "reactionary." They may be as full of the stir and romance of life as you please, and yet bring us that refreshment of quiet which the finer excitements of literature in the hands of true masters never fails to bring. Power is one thing, fever is another. Music is one thing. Mere noise is another. Strength that finds its expression in beauty and the fullness of life resolved into some fine harmony. These are only to be found in the rest which dwells in the deep, still, passionate masterpieces.

That the gentle reader still exists, that, in fact, as much gentle reading as, and perhaps more than, ever is being done, I have no doubt; and the contrary impression probably comes of the fact that it is necessarily quiet, individual reading. It is not the reading we hear about. The reading we hear about makes more noise, largely because of the vivid advertising of certain propagandist publishers whose business with literature is not to bring peace but a sword to feed the unrest of troubled souls, and disgruntled intelligences, and generally the "mauvais sujet" among readers, readers for whom everything is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds. This public is not so large as it is noisy and skillfully exploited. Were one to believe it widely representative, we might well be depressed indeed. For the only books which it would seem to demand and make the fashion of the hour are the books that criticise life, condemn, insult, profane and generally deny it. The readers of these books pose as though they alone were to be considered "serious" readers, because they themselves see only the seamy side of existence, and turn with scornful superiority from its fairer and happier aspects. They call themselves "realists," as if realism consisted only in the photographic representation of evil and gloom, as if there was not a realism of sunlight, too; as if love and laughter, enjoyment and kindness were not also among the realities. We live, of course, in serious, questioning times, but so did our fathers before us. The riddle of the painful earth is none of our discovering. And we may well ask

Is nothing done
Any more for fun
Under the sun?

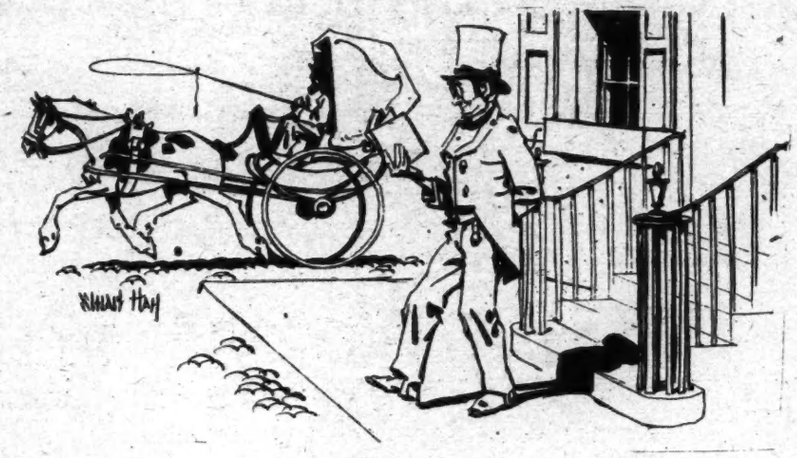
And some one has said, so long as we don't cut our throats, we still find life worth living, and surely the literature which deals with that part of life we thus find worth living is just as "serious" as the other, the more so, in fact, because it is positive, and the other is negative. To deny life is not so important as to enjoy it. The books that deny life have their occasional astringent uses. They expose hypocritical optimism, and purge us of sentimentalism. But of such harsh mentors we have had enough for our present needs. Such books are not for diet. Our need now is a return to the books that enjoy life, that respect, that reverence it; books that are made out of its good and its beauty; books that nourish and sustain us and make us happy; books of courage, humor and tenderness. These are the books that the "gentle reader" still reads, and will go on reading as long as literature exists. Nor are these books all "old" books. Though we don't hear so much about them, "gentle" writers are still writing for "gentle" readers, men that walk in green pastures and meditate on quiet lives, men whose spirits expand in the companionship of great spaces, enjoyers of sunlight, and deep-thoughted communers with the old-fashioned stars; men that still drink deep of the inexhaustible eternal wells. The finer excitements, as well as the purer refreshments, of literature are still to be found for those who care to seek them. Besides, quite as important as what we read is how we read. We read too fast. The modern mania for speed has invaded our reading as it has invaded all the rest of our lives. We need to take a lesson from Austin Dobson's "Gentleman of the Old School"—

His Christian name, I think, was John—
His surname, Leisure.

The cocktail habit has got too much into our reading. We are too avid of rapid literary stimulants, and we give ourselves no time to enjoy even what we do enjoy. Even when we seek the great old masterpieces we gulp them down like nervous drunkards. And there is no health or peace in us. Once the reading of a fine book was a deep, enriching experience. We lived with it for days and nights together. It was a passionate intellectual love affair. We never forgot it. It left its mark on our lives. It took its place among our permanent satisfactions. The first reading, say, of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" or Pater's "Marius the Epicurean" was an event as important to us as, shall we say, well, marriage, or any other such significant formative event. But now too often we, so to speak, "motor" through our books as we "motor" through exquisite landscapes with indolent speed, and know as little of the spiritual country through which we have thus frivolously traveled as of the natural scene we have "speeded" over. We must learn to be pedestrians again, take time to loiter and to muse, to lose ourselves in meditative byways, fall into a trance by running streams, have patience with rough hill roads and long, trudging levels, and thus come to our inn at evening with a heart dreamily full of the scent and song, the adventure and idleness, of the far-wandered day. Apart from the loss to ourselves, it is scant courtesy to a writer who has distilled his deepest and finest experience into a book to read it in so graceless and shallow a fashion. Our reading manners of late are sadly out of repair. For this our writing manners, doubtless, are largely to blame. Ill-bred writers make ill-bred readers. Lamb, it will be remembered—if any one really reads Lamb any more—said that we should have a "grace before books," "a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the 'Fairy Queen'": "Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him." Ah! there, indeed, spoke "the gentle reader," but

Then a book was still a book
Where a wistful man might look,
Feeling something through the whole
Breathing like a human soul.

We read our books in far too ungrateful a spirit. The boorish and supercilious reader is too much with us. We need "the gentle reader" to make his influence felt once more. And, speaking of gentle readers and gentle writers, I wonder if any one has read James Lane Allen's "A [illegible]ky Cardinal" just lately.



"It is not the reading we hear about."

From Zola to the Death of Loti

FRENCH LITERATURE DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY. By J. W. Cunliffe and Pierre de Becourt. 407 pp. New York: Macmillan Co. $2.20.

THE period of French literature that is treated with least space and least concern in the more comprehensibe manuals, the vital period of action and reaction since 1870, has at last come into its own through an interesting volume devoted entirely to a study of the literature of the last half century. Professors Cunliffe and de Bacourt, both of Columbia University, have succeeded in putting into authoritative form the scattered and chaotic mass of fact, anecdote, analysis and criticism concerning the newer works and their writers, that has heretofore been mostly "in the air." The material which takes as its point of departure the doctrines and influence of Zola, is brought to include the recent death of Pierre Loti.

"French Literature During the Last Half Century" seems to fall conveniently into two parts. The first is composed of critical essays on the major figures in the world of French letters since Zola. Twelve chapters provide interesting sketches of Zola, de Maupassant, Daudet, Loti, Anatole France, Bourget, Barres, Maurras, Rolland, Brieux, Rostand and Maeterlinck, as well as scholarly estimates of their work. The second section changes its angle of approach from the individual author to the general literary aspect and devotes four chapters to the Symbolist movement, contemporary poetry, the new novels and contemporary drama. This last chapter contains timely information on theatre movements, aside from any actual literary production: as, for example, a statement of the admirable efforts of Jacques Copeau with the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier.

By a pleasing proportion one of the most interesting essays falls to the lot of the outstanding figure of the French literary world, Anatole France. Among the biographical material presented there are to be found the little known facts that France learned to know the taste of failure during his limited experience as a school teacher, that he was publisher's reader to Lemerre early in his career, and that he worked for a time under Leconte de Lisle, while the great Parnassian was assistant librarian to the Senate. The authors' reference to Anatole France as "master of the spirits who deny" arouses the reader to wonder whether there underlies any purposeful harking back to a certain wandering Scholasticus who introduced himself to one Faust as "der Geist der stets verneint."

Each of the chapters in both so-called sections is followed by an excellent bibliography, chronologically arranged, of authors' works, translations and books of reference. "French Literature During the Last Half Century" enjoys the happy advantage of presenting scholarly material in a scholarly manner, without the didactic tedium of dry fact and footnote too often ascribed to volumes of information. The frequent correlated associations of French thought currents and vital issues of our own, the generous sprinkling of anecdotal material, often gleaned through direct acquaintance with the person under consideration, lend living interest to these literary studies.

Substitutes for Revolution

American Party System Provides an Effective Control of Government

PARTIES AND PARTY LEADERS. By Anson Daniel Morse. With an introduction by Dwight Whitney Morrow. 238 pp. Boston: The Marshall Jones Company.

IT is the high function of a philosopher to speak to men beyond his own time in counsels of enduring wisdom. Such a philosopher was Anson D. Morse, Professor of History for many years in Amherst College, who died in 1916. A collection of his occasional writings, now published under the above title, reads as if its primary theme had been addressed to Americans of the present year, even the present month. This theme is that historically political parties are a substitute for revolution, in that they provide the needed flexibility in the government of a State.

Revolution is no empty word when the danger of it as an alternative to vexing world conditions draws an admonition from Woodrow Wilson. Many Americans who read his recent appeal for a regeneration of the spiritual forces of democracy to ward off the storm were moved to take a different view of the situation from that derived from Moscow diatribes. When the thought of armed revolt is thrust out at the same time, almost like a challenge, by one as different from Wilson as Magnus Johnson, with the prestige of victory at the polls to back him, we may be inclined to heed all the more. Senator Cousens agrees with Wilson that the signs are disturbing, and he associates them with restiveness under restrictions on personal liberty.

Thus the thought of revolution, ugly as it is in normal times in this country, has found some lodgment in American minds, but it takes the general form of hope for a peaceful readjustment by agencies of government. In Italy this form of adjustment failed, and Mussolini sprang out of obscurity to undertake the task.

So, in the midst of alarms, which happily seem nothing more than alarms to most of us in this country, Professor Morse's views are worthy of careful attention. He lays down his basic thought in discussing "The Place of Party in the Political Systems." Declaring that States (peoples) need some primary form of organization by means of which they can hold their Governments in subjection, he says:

> The most effective of the several devices for accomplishing this end is party. Slowly and clumsily it was fashioned during the quarrels between Cavalier and Roundhead. Awkwardly it began to claim and to fill its place under the later Stuarts and William III. But during the reigns of the first and second Georges it came to be so well established that it could withstand the reaction led by George III.
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> The American Colonies received the institution of party, as they did most of their political outfit, from the mother country. But in their hands it underwent after the formation of the Union a marked development, and today the American party system presents a perfection of organization not elsewhere to be found.

How does party accomplish this task of holding government in subjection to the State? Its more obvious functions are two—it educates and organizes public opinion and it administers the Government.

> Public opinion is what the people think and feel in respect to public questions; not what they think and feel when such questions are first presented, but their well-considered thought and their clarified feeling after they have studied these questions well, and have attained the mood which is favorable to wise judgment. Party is by far the most important of the agencies through which the crude first thoughts and blind first feelings of the people are transformed into the rational thinking and feeling which is public opinion.

Professor Morse proceeds to show that States which are ruled by absolute monarchs or oligarchies (there were more in his time than now) are usually forced to resort to revolution whenever it becomes necessary to depose the agent who governs. Hence the background of view for many immigrants in the United States, who acquired it in early life in their homelands and seem unable to divorce themselves from it here. "Revolution" lies lightly on the tips of their tongues, and perhaps in using it some of them mean little more than change. They do not realize that in their new environment, as the author says:

> The obedience of Government which the State used to secure at long intervals and for short periods, at great cost and very imperfectly by means of revolution and constituent assemblies, it now secures easily and far more durably and perfectly by means of party.

"In the case of many, perhaps, of most, revolutions the Governments which they set up prove not less despotic than those which they overthrow."

Professor Morse, writing when the prebellum flood of immigrants was causing no little alarm, was impressed with the idea that the United States had reached the point where it should pause to consider the influx in a new light. In an essay on "Our Two Great Parties, Their Origin and Tasks," he wrote of the Democratic Party:

> As the champion of the masses, the Democratic Party gave early a welcome to the immigrant and advocated a short term for naturalization. Without question some evils resulted; nevertheless the policy is now accepted by the rival party. The advantage of the policy is that speedy admission to the rights of citizenship hastens the process of Americanization.
>
> In the Federalist period the immigrant would have fared ill if the Democratic Party had not received him and begun his political training. Today the welcome which both parties extend to him does something to keep the immigrant from swelling the ranks of the dangerous classes. One of the things which a modern civilized country cannot afford is a multitude of inhabitants who are not citizens.
>
> There is, however, ground for thinking that the Democratic Party should now modify its traditional policy with respect to immigration. It is having more than enough to do in discharging its duties toward its American constituency: to enlarge and at the same time debase this constituency by encouraging the influx of intractable foreigners is, to say the least, imprudent. Adherents who cannot be easily Americanized are a source of weakness rather than of strength to the party.

Of revolution in general Professor Morse observed in a discussion of devices by which a people can hold their Government to the execution of their will:

> The oldest and crudest of these is revolution. But this, although frequently useful, and at times indispensable, is always costly. It leaves behind a demoralization and exhaustion from which the State recovers slowly and imperfectly.
>
> Revolution, moreover, can never be more than a partial remedy for the evils under consideration. Indeed, its greatest service is to enable the State to regain for a short period its lost mastery over government, and while in possession of this to make those changes in period its lost mastery over Government which promise greater efficiency and more perfect obedience. But such changes are experiments, and there is usually much in the situation which works against their success.

In the case of many, perhaps of most, revolutions the Governments which they set up prove not less despotic than those which they overthrow.

In regard to the third-party movement, which is now occupying no small share of public attention, we can learn from Professor Morse. One of the essays in the book is entitled "The Natural History of Party," in which he discusses the life period of that form of political organism somewhat after the manner in which a biological specimen is considered. He wrote:

> In the life history of a great political party there are five natural divisions or chapters: the first deals with its origin; the second with the period between organization and advent to power; the third with its experiences while in power; the fourth with its experiences while in opposition; the fifth with the causes and circumstances of its dissolution.
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> The story of a considerable number of parties, conducted according to this plan, will show that they, not less than plants or animals, follow a certain course of development; that in this development the different stages of growth and activity are under the control of definite laws and succeed one to another in a fixed order; that there is, in fact, a typical party life to which every party tends to conform, just as there is a typical life for each of the countless organisms of the natural world.

An old party dies, as the Federalists and the Whigs died, when it shows "inability to provide for a new and dominant want of the State." A sign of dissolution is the "appearance of faction" which, however, does not always portend decay. Another sign is pessimism, when the vigor and hope which give birth to a party wane. Professor Morse says:

> A general reconstruction of the party system and with this reconstruction—belonging to it in fact as an essential and prominent feature—the rise of new parties may be looked for confidently whenever the State has completed a particular phase of its development and is about to enter upon another and different phase; and, second, the character of this reconstruction, involving usually the destruction of one or more of the old parties, and always the modification of those that survive, as well as the creation of new parties, is determined by the nature of the issues which belong to the peculiar phase of development on which the State is about to enter.

Professor Morse's reasoned optimism, his courageous faith in democracy, give the book an inspirational value. He inspired his students, and his work that lives after him will have the same stimulating effect on the reader.

What a debt America owes to the Professors of History and Political Science of the type of Morse who have labored in secluded study halls in the last fifty years to improve the standards of public life in this country! These servants of the State—for their careers made them such—have not only developed a distinctive political scence relating to America, but have advanced in a marked degree the progress of that science in a worldwide sense. Students whom they have trained to look beyond the narrow and sordid range of the place-hunting politician and to comprehend civic responsibility in a high and broad aspect, have become President (Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson), Cabinet members, Senators and Representatives in Congress, Judges and Governors. The influence of these pupils in mature years as one of the leavening elements in the mass of citizenship has been due in no small degree to the preceptors under whom they sat when their standards were being molded.

Professor Morse's profound mind grasped and formulated the philosophy of American party politics when the subject in its deeper aspect was scarcely considered by most historical scholars. He studied much, wrote little, and hesitated, in his constant quest for wider knowledge, to publish what he wrote. At one time he considered issuing in book form a group of his articles which had appeared at intervals in the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the Political Science Quarterly, the American Historical Review and elsewhere, but the wish to revise them developed and he never carried out the project.

Since his death a number of these articles have been collected and are printed in the work under consideration as the fifth volume in the series written by Amherst men, known as the Amherst Books. They are at once a memorial of Morse's work and a revelation of his exceptional reach into the heart of the subject to which he devoted the best of his mental gifts.

Early in his career, when it was the fashion of writers on our history and institutions to blind themselves to the existence of political parties, Professor Morse was attracted by the opportunities of the neglected field. His keen and scientific interest in its cultivation continued throughout his life. The fact that parties were not recognized in the Constitution and that the fathers of the nation considered them a danger to be dreaded did not deter him. They were here, and that was enough to warrant his study and analysis of them.

There is an admirable and full introduction to the present volume by Dwight W. Morrow. Mr. Morrow was a student at Amherst under Professor Morse and is now a Trustee of the college.

Working Wives of the West

Society Still Frowns on Them in the World's Last Stronghold of a Leisured Gentry

"Where did this idea come from that the Middle West was democratic?"

Working wives of New York and the East have had their day in print. The husbands of these wives have been allowed to testify also and have spoken benignantly. But the East is not the West—even on the American Continent. It appears that the working wives' problem takes on a different complexion out beyond Pittsburgh. The following article presents that problem as an inhabitant of a Middle Western city sees it. If she seems to speak with some asperity, both the asperity and the observations are her own, and what she has to say is presented here without favor or prejudice.

THERE may be a weakening of the stamina of the leisure classes of the effete East. Working wives may be issuing from the white-stone mansions of New York's East Sixties, to proceed by limousine to studio or place of business. The Middle West still holds firm to the Old World, lavender-scented conviction that an aristocrat is not an aristocrat if she works for money. Even a he-aristocrat in these parts serves his caste better by indulging only in an exclusive profession known as "looking after his interests."

Our vigorous young West has become the world's last stronghold of a leisured gentry. What with Mr. Hohenzollern sawing wood, with Knickerbocker society embarking on beauty-shop enterprises and the ladies of the old South migrating en masse to New York to take "courses" in interior decoration, the responsibility for upholding the "classes" has had to move westward—as has ever been the way throughout history with civilization and religion and table manners and credit.

Aristocracy on the upper Mississippi watershed is still its own occupation.

Even the post-débutantes do not grow restless and look for jobs, much less the wives. When they grow restless they sometimes change husbands, but not occupations. This new upstart Eastern fad of getting a real job and having your portrait run in that capacity in Harper's Bazar has not made a dent in our social oligarchy.

Nor is it going to be "the thing" until some local social leader worth about fifteen millions takes up the new movement and has her picture at desk or easel run in our local society section. Just as this or that cause or charity is made by its list of patronesses. Thus far we have had no Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney to make even so genteel a business as professional art stylish. A leisured gentry in its first fifty years endows symphonies and opera seasons and art museums instead of being itself the hired musicians and artists.

I know of just one real artiste out in these parts who has broken the social records. She was a theatrical star of the first magnitude before her marriage. But instead of becoming a working wife, she became a leisured wife who contributes her professional talent to amateur benefit performances. That makes it and her stylish.

Our society has not yet got tired of playing with the toys that money and position can buy—its Winters at Palm Beach, its "runs" over to Longchamps for the racing season, its trippings to London to compete in world golf championship matches, its shooting clubs in North Carolina, its newest toy of them all, politics. Even if aristocracy in the Middle West had no other mission, it could keep busy during its four locally spent months keeping this generation's crop of millionaires from breaking into the social paddock of the families whose fortunes were tucked away in imperishable securities when the country was being hewed out of the "natural resources."

It is of the third generation of these "old families" that our leisured gentry is made up—for understand that graceful leisure is the product of no overnight oil strike. No self-made man can make a leisure class out of his sons by taking them off work. Two generations of workers are necessary to wind up a fortune to run foolproof. Meantime the hardy self-made stock (which theoretical eugenics and practical sons alike have proved has a way of running back to shirtsleeves) is being crossed with what the breeders call "blocked stock" from New York and Philadelphia and Virginia. Two generations of inherited millions and Eastern college-made affiliations and polo have been teaching a moneyed class how to play with sophisticated toys instead of trying to drink up the inherited fortune.

True, sometimes the big moneyed development of a whole city is only two generations old—then we are witnessing the phenomenon of an aristocracy in the making. Some of these will fall by the Ziegfield wayside. By the third generation our Middle West "old families" are really a survival of the fittest, who have stood the esthetic test of money.

And now they are just beginning to feel their power—just beginning to get well listed in the National Social Register. They are just getting their Junior League chapters safely established and their Junior League Follies produced with knees and everything. Now at last they can go, after their "rightful" share of the right international alliances in this heyday of post-war pickings. This society is anything but blasé and bored with itself—it is not turning to real work to break the monotonous procession of hollow pleasures. It is just getting its steam up.

These "old families" form our first one hundred. Around them are grouped our next—well, three hundred, maybe, per city. These get recognition from our local society editors, but not from Palm Beach and Newport when they go a-gadding. That's why they don't gad so much. They have millions, too, most of them; but they belong to the second wave of industrial development. By this test the wife of the manufacturer of automobiles lags socially behind wife or daughter who is spending a fortune founded on railroads before the degenerate days of Interstate Commerce Commissions.

Gesture for gesture, this group goes through the Daily Dozen of the leisured gentry. Faithfully the second ladies of the land do the assigned bridge, politics, smart causes, mah jong, golf and hunting lodges—just as in college the not-quite-so-good sororities go through all the gestures of rush season and initiations and Pan-Hellenic conferences. It follows that where the ladies of the One Hundred have not taken up this work bubble because they are having such a good time with their new toys, the ladies of the Three Hundred, even though they have not all those pretty toys, must not work either because the One Hundred has not sanctioned it.

Is it any wonder, then, that actual poverty has been the only impetus to send fashionable pioneering wives job hunting. These had already become social leaners instead of social leaders. One of two fates lay in wait for them.

Either they have filtered Eastward ho! for that job where work is more kindly looked on by the world of fashion or else these hardy, if hard-up, adventurers have entered the home business world—to be swept under by the waves of Babbitry into the vast tide of the Middle West, middle-class humanity, which is ever lapping hungrily to engulf each woman who gets washed out of organized society. Not that they were dropped—certainly not if they belonged to the One Hundred, maybe not if to the Three Hundred. But the only way to stay socially in after you are financially out is to keep the same bridge and golf and committee hours that are being used that season by the people who are running things.

The records show that women who have lost their money have held on nicely—but only if they did not get themselves jobs. After you are too poor to give parties you must stay on convenient tap for the luncheons and fishing trips to the north woods that you get invited to. Aristocracy in the Middle West is an occupation that takes all your time instead of a mere state of being, as in Charleston.

Events move quickly west of the Alleghanies. On the Atlantic seaboard it takes two generations of genteel poverty to pry one out of the social register. Out here we can break you in ten years. One decade of being hard up can set you back into the athletic club personnel. Where did this idea come from that the Middle West was democratic?

Outside of the sharply delineated limits of the socially elect (by stretching it a bit we can include the shifting population of the hard-drinking apartment hotel set in this classification) the Middle West city of a half million or thereabout is as ill organized socially as are the "barbs" of a State university.

This is the amazing reason why the middle-income wives are pouring into the business world in search of social contacts. The self-same condition of a social oligarchy which has made job hunting unfashionable has made the already hopelessly unfashionable turn to a job as a refuge. The Middle West, where the hand-clasp is advertised by its commercial clubs to be warmer, is a lonely place for a woman who belongs to no recognized social group.

I wonder who started this notion, anyway, that every place except New York was friendly and desirous of lending neighborly cups of sugar in a cake emergency.

"Young woman and old woman, go West," so ran the glat of a series of personal confessions printed in THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE last Spring. "Go West and be called on by your neighbors." Only in New York are there lonely women.

These great, growing, sprawling, boulevard-eyestemed, Rotary Club-boosted cities of the upper Mississippi and Ohio watershed tell a different story. These are the cities into which the populations of technical schools and small towns and Southern and Eastern and Western cities are shifting. In ten years some of these cities have doubled, trebled in size. The new people have come in more quickly than any old community could absorb them.

Under the strain the old American machinery for making social contacts has broken down. Gone is the church—at least as an acquaintance getter. Nobody gets called on any more in the name of the Presbyterian or Methodist deity, except the poor and tuberculous at Christmas time. Gone, too, are neighborhood calls. I have lived on one block for sixteen months. No neighbor has called on me nor have I called on any neighbor. My acquaintance is only with the free ranging dogs and noises of my neighbors.

The very country clubs are physically filled up—even supposing that the incoming ladies bear with them the sesame of introductions. The waiting line of the choicer clubs is from five to eight years. And that for desirable bachelors, too, which has an added significance. Socially these great Middle West cities have only standing room left for newcomers.

Even the downtown stores have grown impersonal. No friendly clerk at the glove counter remembers your name. When you say "charge it" you have to get identified by a card in your purse, and then have your account proved solvent over the house telephone to the ninth floor. The only way that lonely wives can work up a little conversation is by exactly the same technique that holds good in New York—by buying around the corner at the neighborhood grocer, where you give up your choice of green vegetables for the privilege of being called Mrs. Jones instead of Madam.

Surely, inevitably these lonesome young women are turning their faces toward office society, the real social triumph of the overcrowded urban twentieth century.

Here is a centre of civilization where somebody sees their clothes—which was one of the real ends for which society was invented in royal courts in the first place. Here there is gossip. Did you ever listen in on the gossip of an office building? The chit-chat of a mah jong luncheon has nothing on it for spice and familiarity with the subject matter—which later is the prime necessity of the gossip industry. You must have a circle of acquaintances to talk about before there can be gossip.

Doubtless this whole batch of office working wives could be organized into bridge clubs and put back into the home if there were any organizer around to do it. Sometimes the boss wishes somebody would do it, and then he could fill up the gaps with girls who have no husbands to provide a next meal if they don't earn it.

This is one group of working wives. The other group assays higher from the boss's standard—in fact, higher than the office material that is usually on the market. These are the working wives who have found themselves "out of class" in these great, prosperous, bumptious cities.

Sometimes they are from the South, where position is hereditary—but not of an expensive enough brand to entitle the possessor thereof to transfer papers. Sometimes they hail from some pleasant circle of New York—New York, city of a thousand revolving social circles, where the "best society" can do more be cornered than can the world's wheat crop. Sometimes from some smaller mid-Western city, where they themselves were on the inside of a less money society circle looking out.

Often they are college girls. More often than not they are married to young business men who are prospering. Perhaps there is an in-

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Stream of Pacifist Novels in France

Books Attacking War Are Now Widely Read

By WILLIAM MACDONALD

FRANCE is developing a pacifist literature. The term needs to be defined for American readers, for while pacifism is the word commonly employed in France in speaking of the writers and writings of the new school, it does not always mean in France what it sometimes means in the United States. By pacifism France ordinarily means opposition to the war spirit, or militarism, and to war as a method of settling international disputes; and the term is sometimes extended to cover criticism of the conduct of the late war or of acts or policies that might tend to provoke another. It does not as a rule mean opposition to a war that is purely for defense, or unwillingness to resort to arms in behalf of a revolution believed to be justifiable. It is not, in other words, synonymous with non-resistance.

The three most distinguished members of the French pacifist school, Anatole France, Romain Rolland and Henri Barbusse, are veteran advocates of peace and international conciliation, and their work, in the case of Anatole France already largely done, is too well-known to need comment. Their disciples, on the other hand, are for the most part younger men with enduring literary reputations still to be made. Some are novelists, some are essayists or critics, some are both as occasion offers. Practically all—all who physically were fit to do so—served in the World War, and their denunciations of war and the war temper have a background of personal experience which cannot be impugned whatever may be thought of their arguments or their interpretations of events.

To say that French pacifism has now its literary school does not, of course, imply the conversion of the French reading public or the major part of it to the pacifist point of view. That would be too much to expect of any reading public anywhere. What has happened is that the literary protagonists of the anti-war movement, after contending with poverty and social indifference, the sneers or silence of a section of the press, and even attempts to impede the circulation of their books, have nevertheless succeeded in winning unquestioned recognition. Publishing houses of established reputation are glad to publish their books, and the books are selling at shops and news stalls everywhere in France, although, as conditions are in France, this does not necessarily mean a very fat living for the authors. The press, too, is coming around. One of the most influential political weeklies, the Progrès Civique has from the first been friendly, and serious reviews of some of the most recent pacifist novels have appeared in older and more conservative journals. France, in short, after a year or so of mingled indifference, surprise and irritation has settled down to take the literary attack upon war as it is in the habit of taking attacks upon other established institutions, with real interest where the work is serious and artistically done, with little interest or none at all if the attacks are hysterical or the workmanship crude.

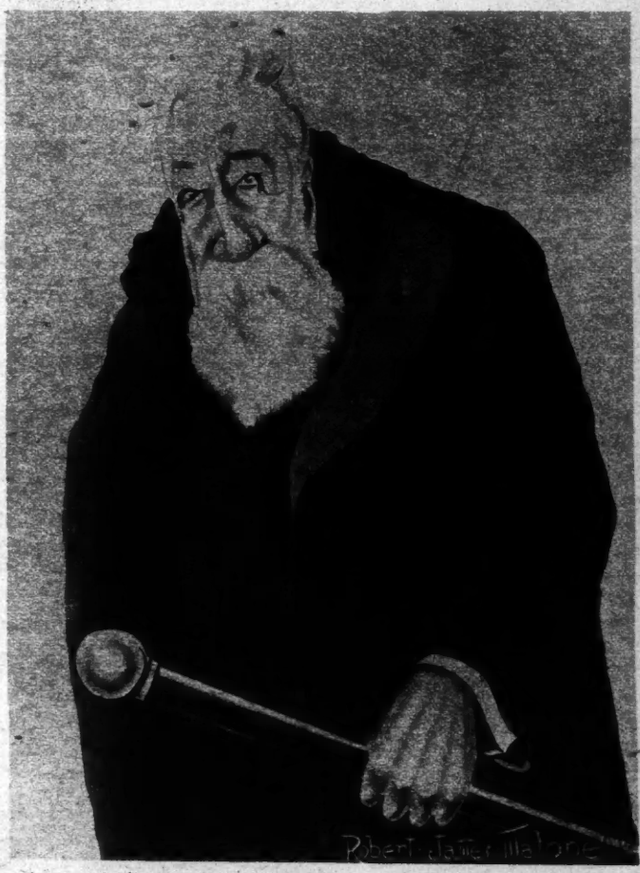
The first book of this new anti-war or pacifist literature to attract wide attention was Paul Reboux's "Les Drapeaux," a two-volume novel published in 1921 by the well-known Paris house of Flammarion. M. Reboux was by no means an unknown writer, for he already had some sixteen books to his credit when "Les Drapeaux" appeared, the best known being three volumes of literary criticism entitled "A la Manière de," but the new novel quickly outshone its predecessors.

"Les Drapeaux" is dedicated, "in hatred of war," to the author's friend and co-worker, Charles Muller, "killed in the war." The hero of the story is a French man of letters, Jacques Réal, who is riding the wave of popularity in Paris literary circles; with editors begging for books and articles, his plays drawing crowded houses and high society dispensing its flattery. He has already had doubts, apparently, about the morality of war in general and about some of the underlying causes of the late war in particular, but a casual visit to a hospital where the human wreckage of war is mercifully screened from public view shocks and appals him, and in his next weekly article for a leading journal he recounts some of the horrors which he has seen.

To his chagrin, the article is politely rejected, and Réal's struggles begin. He studies the history of the great war, and the miseries that he discovers palsy his hand. The war profiteers with whom he dines come to seem to him vulgar and suspiciously complacent, and the attitude of politicians and armchair military men tries his soul. Unable to hold his peace, he speaks out, only to find his popularity vanishing, and with it his career as a writer. Before long come the arching of the eyebrows among his acquaintances, then gossip and innuendo, then open snubs at the theatre and on the street. He has become known as an uncompromising opponent of war, and the penalty which awaits dissent in the society in which he has moved falls with full weight.

Meantime, between Réal and his secretary, Yvonne Vidal, a young woman of exceptional training and intelligence, but deeply imbued with hatred of Germany and belief in the glory and righteousness of war, there goes on a battle royal. Day by day, as letters are dictated and the collection of anti-war material advances, the swords clash as love also grows. At last, after weeks of alternating conflict and armed neutrality, Yvonne's conversion to Réal's point of view is suddenly achieved, and to the union of hearts is added the harmony of minds. A scandal in which Réal's wife is discovered facilitates a divorce, and Réal and Yvonne retire to the country, where together they work out a manifesto calling for reconciliation with Germany and a Franco-German alliance. The proposal meets with extraordinary success, but Réal declines to head any party movement and trusts to the power of ideas to make their way.

M. Reboux is not a writer of the first rank, and "Les Drapeaux" is not a great novel. The dénouement is early to be perceived, and the story itself is rather heavily weighted with quotations and didactic passages. Frequent footnotes and an elaborate bibliography at the end suggest a treatise rather than a tale. The book appeared, however, at a moment when general reaction after the strain of war and sharp criticism of war profiteering were together markedly affecting French thought, and in spite of the handicap of a two-volume price and some attempt to prevent open public sale the novel won a hearing and a place. So also, apparently, did its proposal, for today one may find in a street on the edge of the Latin Quarter the office of a League of Universal Peace, whose program runs on all fours with that which Réal and Yvonne drew up, and one of the directors of the league is Paul Reboux.



Anatole France.

Roland Dorgelès.

Another novel, "Le Sort le plus beau," by Claire Géniaux, published the same year by the Flammarion house, attacked war from a different angle. The book is dedicated "to those who call themselves Christians," and the preface embodies a long extract from the famous peace encyclical of Benedict XV., with whose spirit the author professes to believe that the book agrees. The heroine of the story, Geneviève Marsay, is the widow of a young French scholar who was killed early in the war. Oppressed beyond endurance by the apparent contrast between the gorgeous ceremonial, the display of banners and flags and the flare of trumpets at a victory service at Notre Dame and the spiritual significance which the great crucifix in the cathedral seems to her to hold, Geneviève leaves the church and its mondaine crowd to meditate and weep in the study where her husband had worked. Why, she asks, this jubilation in the name of Christ before the unnumbered dead? For what good did her husband die?

Thenceforth we have a struggle, first with her children, her family and her friends, then with conscience and religious habits, then with a former admirer whose general aversion to war, discreetly concealed while the war was on, now finds an expression which, though blended with love, is rejected as insincere. The picture of Geneviève's sombre suffering as alienation from her surroundings progresses is in part offset by well-drawn portraits of a sister, familiarly known as "La Générale" from her commanding ways, busy from morning till night with a round of committees and functions, and of a brother, a rising young journalist whose war articles have been the talk of the town. The end is reached when Geneviève, convinced that war is unchristian and immoral, breaks the last ties that hold her to Paris and seeks refuge with an uncle, an entomologist whose exposition of certain biological aspects of war drawn from a study of ants gives to her pacifist creed the semblance, at least, of scientific justification.

The wide appeal of both of these books was presently overshadowed by the remarkable reception accorded to Roland Dorgelès's "Sainte Magloire" and Michel Corday's "Les Hauts Fourneaux" and "La Houille Rouge." "Saint Magloire" is the story of a missionary priest who, returning to France after a long absence in Africa, where he had acquired the reputation of a saint and miracle worker, scores the vice and greed of the rich and great, fraternizes with working people and outcasts, ministers to the sick during an outbreak of the plague, and openly defies the Government to interfere with his preaching. Received at first with wild enthusiasm, but soon looked upon with suspicion and contempt, his popularity ends with the collapse of a mad attempt to install the homeless proletariat in the empty houses of the Champs Elysées, and he returns, beaten and unnoticed, to his African field.

The resemblance between the saint and the human Jesus is obvious, and the main effect of the book, which is one of the most brilliantly written of recent French novels, is to emphasize the contrast between contemporary society and the social teachings which the life and words of Jesus embody.

Only indirectly does "Saint Magloire" attack war. To the public whose interest had already been awakened by "Les Drapeaux" and "Le Sort le plus beau," however, and to whom the extravagance which flaunted itself in Paris and other European capitals in 1921 gave ground for bitter reproach, the fiery denunciations of the saint seemed to point to war as their occasion and justification. Opposition to war, in other words, was here presented as a part of the Christian ideal of simplicity, purity and fraternity.

The two books of Michel Corday bear the subtitle "Le Journal de la Huronne." Abandoning the narrative form, the author tells his story and enforces his moral through the medium of extracts from the diary of Mme. Pierre Ciboure, wife of one of the great iron and steel magnates of France, to whom in her youth, we are told, Clemenceau playfully gave the name of "the pretty Huron" from her habit of "speaking frankly." The diary begins on July 27, 1914, just on the eve of the World War, and ends in November, 1918, just before the armistice, the second book, "La Houille Rouge," being a continuation of "Les Hauts Fourneaux."

Living in a healthy and influential society, which, as she eventually becomes convinced, glorifies war because of the business profits which war produces, and which is represented as exerting itself to delay as long as possible the day of peace, yet all the while debarred from expressing her feelings openly by the French "subjection of women" and the extreme unpopularity of dissent,

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From "Galloper" Smith to Past Lord Chancellor

Viscount Birkenhead Joins Our American Summer School of Higher Statesmanship

By P. W. WILSON

VISCOUNT BIRKENHEAD, formerly the Lord High Chancellor of England, is about to pay a further visit to the United States. On a former occasion he undertook a lightning tour as Attorney General, and, since the war was then at its height, he indulged, as did other eminent men, in oratory which was patriotic rather than penetrating. Afterward there was published a volume recording his impressions of Pullman cars and other American institutions.

What Viscount Birkenhead now undertakes is a visit to Williamstown, where appeal has to be made to the best minds of this country in their most reflective mood. He is to take part in the Summer school of the higher statesmanship. It is a more severe test. But if Mr. Lloyd George is right in claiming that Viscount Birkenhead has been the most brilliant of recent Lord Chancellors, he will be well able to fulfill expectations.

In these circumstances, there is reason for an estimate of Lord Birkenhead's present position and future prospects in the public life of Great Britain. In the United States a man is either in or out of office. He is either elected or he is merely a private citizen. But in Great Britain there has always been a recognized status for those politicians of Ministerial timber who have served in a Government and may again so serve. The former official is thus the semi-official. And while Viscount Birkenhead no longer has a seat in the Cabinet, he still belongs to the Privy Council, from which the Cabinet is selected. He is still entitled to sit on a front bench in the House of Lords. And it may be assumed that he knows whatever is to be known of what is going on at Downing Street behind the scenes.

Though Lord Birkenhead is not an accredited envoy to the United States, it is only true in a technical sense that he speaks for himself alone. He is one of England's elder statesmen—not at the moment on active service, but a reservist to whom a call may come. He does not speak for his Government, but he does speak for Governments as a whole in Britain.

By label, Lord Birkenhead belongs to the Conservative Party. In fact, he is a convinced opportunist. His opportunism associates him in mental attitude with David Lloyd George, Earl Balfour and even, as events are showing, with that stiff and strait Liberal, Reginald McKenna, who is quite ready to manage the finances of a Conservative Government. All these men have their share of ambition, but during a period of chaos like this it would be unfair to suggest that their opportunism is merely a game for office. What drives them hither and thither is not a lust for power but the violent and varying tides of affairs, and especially foreign affairs. For their opportunism, a kindlier word would be navigation. The compass points north, but the ship's course boxes the compass.

Matters like the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the recognition of Russia, the naval base at Singapore, reparations, the entente with France, have to be considered on their merits as the merits are disclosed from day to day. Of these problems, you cannot say that there is a view which Liberals will accept and Conservatives reject. The solution depends upon "the common sense." And an estimate of Viscount Birkenhead must determine how far his outlook now embodies the common sense which the world needs.

He began his career as the undergraduate in politics, brilliant, irresponsible, reckless, shallow, versatile. As a married man and a Minister he has ripened and mellowed. To his own great abilities, he is fairer than he was, and as a result his influence has increased. It must be realized that in the bundle of incomprehensible anomalies called the British Constitution Lord Birkenhead is not only a statesman but a judge. From the woolsack where sits the Lord Chancellor he has retired, though at any time he may sit there again. But he enjoys an ample pension and is expected still to serve the nation as "a law lord." He is thus as much engaged in judicial affairs as in any member of the Supreme Court of the United States. What he says on a case determines the law of Great Britain, which only Parliament can alter, and alter by statute.

For the student of constitutional practice Lord Birkenhead's precise status is here of a more than merely curious interest. It is not always remembered that the British Parliament, Lords and Commons, is, as the Prayer Book expresses it, "the high court" of law. Not long ago the peers sat and voted on a divorce case affecting one of themselves. When a litigant "appeals to the House of Lords" he appeals to the decision of the whole House. But the whole House of 600 peers has allowed legal decisions to be determined by those peers alone who have had legal experience, that is, by Judges who hold peerages, and these "law lords" sit, not in a special building but in the House of Lords itself, with the empty benches all around them. In Britain, therefore, a distinguished Judge does not return to the bar or to legal practice, as did Mr. Hughes, but remains a Judge, with this difference only, that he is called something else in addition, namely, a peer. The arrangement works well, which is the main thing, and it has the further merit of illustrating the simplicity and logic of England's ancient institutions, which are thus easy for the puzzled foreigner to understand!

Cases which come before the House of Lords usually affect interests within Great Britain herself. But there is another court, hardly known at all to the general public, which handles cases referred to London from the British Empire. In a back room of the Privy Council office in Whitehall, unreported by the press and seldom if ever photographed by the camera, sits for many months a year what is perhaps the least advertised and most authoritative tribunal ever devised among men. It consists of the law lords, including Viscount Birkenhead, who sit, however, not as judges, not even as peers, but as "a Judicial Committee of the Privy Council"!

Here is another of those beautifully abstruse arrangements in which the English delight. In the dominions, as in the mother country, there are Privy Councilors, and some of these "have judicial experience." The dominions therefore have their representatives on "the Judicial Committee," and so has India. But the British Judges still predominate. And the best parallel for the situation is perhaps the College of Cardinals at Rome. The Cardinals are drawn from all nations where there are Catholics, but the Italians predominate, and the Roman tradition, with its local but ancient etiquette, is preserved. The Judicial Committee in London bears somewhat this character.

Of the Supreme Court of the United States it has been said that it has no force wherewith to compel obedience to its decisions. The Judicial Committee has the same apparent disability. It does not in terms decide anything at all. It merely "advises" his Majesty the King of what may be its opinion on a point submitted. And the King accepts this "advice" as final. Wherever a dominion or crown colony is governed in the name of the King "the advice" of the Judicial Committee is thus received as the law.

The cases submitted to the Judicial Committee by the empire are of an amazing and complex variety. In Asia and in Africa most of the law has been custom only—that is, unwritten—and vast values in property, land and otherwise, have been held without any discoverable title except the mere possession. No one about to die makes a will, and as industry develops there arise all the elaborate and baffling questions of a right to minerals, water, access to rivers, and so on.

It is not too much to say that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is reducing the unwritten rights of undeveloped races for the first time into writing. What the committee does is not to substitute British law for native law, but to find out as far as possible what native law is supposed to be, and then see that it is clearly stated, so that the natives themselves may know where they stand. The committee is thus a court of arbitration and equity for 400,000,000 people, and it may be described as The Hague Court of the British Empire. Such a sphere of legal activity has been Viscount Birkenhead's, and it is in itself an education.

It is agreed that he has upheld the dignity of the judicial bench. In private life he may attend fancy dress balls, but with his working wig on his head he is not a man to be trifled with, as even Sir John Simon, England's leading advocate, discovered the other day when through a misunderstanding he omitted to plead before their Lordships to an accepted brief. His old friend and rival at Oxford, F. E. Smith, now the Viscount Birkenhead, handled the delinquent with the thunderous asperity of an enraged don. "F. E."—once so spare of frame—has put on flesh and has so acquired the physique which is considered to be essential for the woolsack.

As a peer he has the privilege of being both a Judge and a politician. He need not ever again submit his name for election by a constituency. To mere votes he has now risen superior. And when he dies his son will sit in the House of Lords by hereditary privilege. But it looks as if neither Viscount Birkenhead nor his son nor any peer of the realm will ever be called on again to serve as Prime Minister. The privilege of birth is slowly but surely evolving its own disqualifications. The men who have received ermine and titles and precedence in society cannot also wield power—at any rate, supreme power—and neither can their sons. So at least discovered Lord Curzon, who was taught that one who had been until recently a back-bencher in the House of Commons is now to be preferred to a Marquis in the House of Lords—twice Viceroy of India.

What, then, are Viscount Birkenhead's political views? And what are his chances of guiding again the destinies of his country? He does not pretend to have any use for what Liberals call principles. Nor has he any use for what Tories call family. He puts his faith and he invests his future in the dogma that government should be by ability. The men who should be in power are the men who can "put it over." Viscount Birkenhead and Mr. Churchill, therefore, want a national party, with David Lloyd George as Prime Minister and themselves as the others in a triumvirate—which means that for the time being the three musketeers of British politics are out of commission. The Liberals mistrust Viscount Birkenhead because he was once "the galloper" to Sir Edward Carson and the Orangemen in Ulster. The Conservatives mistrust him yet more deeply because, as they think, he surrendered the empire to Sinn Fein and negotiated with Michael Collins. That is the defect of a coalition—it brings you the worst as well as the best of both worlds.

But the real question before Viscount Birkenhead is whether there is likely to be in the near future any vacancy for the able free lance of politics. Of Stanley Baldwin as Prime Minister and his Cabinet of mediocre peers and promoted Under Secretaries Lord Birkenhead, like Churchill and Lloyd George, was duly sarcastic. Stanley Baldwin, however, is making good, and for two reasons. He is a modest, simple fellow who has clearly but one aim, and that is to do the best for the country at a difficult time. And, secondly, he has to face a crisis sufficiently serious to rally all parties, including Labor, behind the Government of the day.

The crisis is due, of course, to the relations of the British Empire with France and, through France, with Europe. It may be assumed that on a matter so supremely important the Government is acting after informal consultation with all the recognized political leaders. The country has its internal differences, but over foreign affairs it is again one unit. A change of Government which would admit Viscount Birkenhead to power is thus unlikely. Nor has he been asked to join the present Administration. On the woolsack sits Viscount Cave, solemnly and respectably enthroned, and even the woolsack does not hold two.

The theory upon which Viscount Birkenhead based his demand for a national party was broadly that a Die-Hard Government would plunge the country into reaction and so provoke the extremists of Labor until the Socialist became a danger. This has not happened as yet. This Government, like all Governments, is showing that its bark is worse than its bite. It is behaving less foolishly than its voices have sometimes talked. And, despite disorders in the House, Labor is sickled o'er with the pale cast of compromise. Britain is again evading the class war. This Government, like all Governments, is muddling.

But it is also muddling through. The finances are maintained. There has not been a war with Russia. Nor have heads been lost over France. Lord Birkenhead is thus not yet indispensable to his country—few men are—and this means that, as statesman, he must bide his time.

But in the United States what will be his message? Lord Robert Cecil obviously wanted this country to join the League of Nations. As a recognized authority on international law Viscount Birkenhead would have a right to utter his estimate of The Hague Court and the Covenant which is the basis of the League. But in Britain a more immediate question is what, if any, may be the attitude of the United States toward the Anglo-French negotiations. Presumably Lord Birkenhead agrees over France with David Lloyd George. Will he say as much?

"A versatile ex-Chancellor."

(With Apologies to Sir W. S. Gilbert)

Painter of Royal Ladies

Reminiscences of Sir Edward Hughes and His Daughter, Portrait Painter and Photographer

MY FATHER AND I. By Alice Hughes. Illustrated. 288 pp. London: Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.

ARTIST father and photographer daughter, Alice and Edward Hughes have, between them, depicted more men and women and children of high degree, probably, than any two people of modern England. Edward Hughes, who painted so many members of the royal family of England that he was known as "the royal painter," and painted them and many others so well that he was sometimes called "the modern Romney," died in 1908, after more than half a century spent at his easel. He began his professional work as an artist in the early '50s, after a runaway marriage at the intrepid age of 19 had made it necessary for him to support himself and his wife, but he did not begin the portrait painting which brought him fame until a dozen or more years later. It was the influence of Leon Bonnat, to whom Hughes was attracted by his brilliant portraits of celebrities, that led him into that specialty. He studied in Bonnat's famous atelier at Clichy and thenceforward delighted so much in the painting of portraits that he never again attempted to do anything else, although previously he had been successful, both artistically and commercially, with the subject-pictures that were in much demand during the middle decades of the nineteenth century. Speaking of his delight in it his daughter says:

> He gave the rest of his lifetime to the task of perfecting himself in this branch. He felt it was his vocation. Every year he spent his two months' holiday on the Continent wandering from gallery to gallery, spending hours in front of the portraits he admired. He loved the old masters and almost worshipped Velasques. He would often refresh himself by spending half an hour before the famous portrait of Philip IV. of Spain in the National Gallery.

How successful he was is indicated by the list of portraits which he painted. It fills, in the back of the book, three pages of double columns each, the great majority being women. Doubtless the most famous of them all is that of Queen Alexandra in coronation robes, which is reproduced as the frontispiece of this volume. He made four different portraits of Alexandra and three replicas of the coronation picture. Among his other sitters for one or more portraits have been Queen Mary, Princess Mary, Queen Maud of Norway, the Princess Royal, Princess Victoria, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York as small boys, other members of the royal family, many duchesses and countesses and ladies this and that. Among the untitled ones, perhaps, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is best known. Thirty or more of the names are listed as Americans, although a good many of these are married to Englishmen. One notes among the Americans the two daughters of Levi P. Morton, Mrs. Marshall Field and her two sons, Mrs. Oliver Iselin, Mrs. Anthony Drexel, Mrs. Ogden Mills, the daughter of Whitelaw Reid. Of the thirty-odd illustrations the greater part are from the Hughes portraits, although a number are reproduced from Miss Hughes's photographs.

The portraits reveal what is perhaps one reason for the artist's very great success. For practically all of them seem remarkably lovely. His daughter says that Sir Edward always tried to make a realistic, vital picture. But these portraits all reveal a delicacy of modeling, a purity of outline, a refinement and sensitiveness of expression, an exquisiteness of flesh texture that do not seem wholly probable in such frequent combination. Perhaps his own sensitiveness to beauty led him to dwell on whatever he found, and so to idealise unintentionally every sitter. For Miss Hughes says of his spiritual attitude toward his work:

> My father has confided to me that no model, however beautiful, approached the ideal woman of his dream. He had in his mind a sublime image of loveliness, the like of which he never beheld with his physical eyes. But while searching for it he worked with all his powers at representing on canvas that semblance of the beauty he had discovered in his model.

That he did discover and reveal inward graces and beauties is implied in a comment by the Duke of Fife, which the author quotes: "Your father always makes his sitters look such ladies." And she adds that "Queen Mary has often made the same comment." Considering how many of the ladies of the royal family were painted by him, the tribute sounds, perhaps, a bit naïve. The author quotes the famous artist Millais as having said: "Most men can paint a man, but very few can paint a lady. Hughes can." There is in this respect a curious similarity between the portraits of the father and the photographs of the daughter. By the more mechanical, more naturalistic medium of the camera she yet achieved much of that same result of refinement, sensitiveness and charm which characterizes his painted portraits. But this is perhaps explained by the double reason of heredity and training. For she seem to have the same kind of feeling about people and about surroundings that led her father to specialize in portraits of women and children, the desire to work with subjects and accessories that have beauty of form and line and color, that are charming and gracious, that lend themselves to the beguiling and flattering aid of costume and pose and background. Miss Hughes says that she has rarely made photographs of men, because the modern masculine costume is ugly. In addition to this evidently hereditary trait, the daughter had the formative influence of years of training in her father's studio, where from childhood she worked as his assistant, helping him in many ways outside of the painting, discussing with him not only such matters as posing and costuming, but all the phases and details of his art.

Between father and daughter there seems to have been a rarely beautiful and sympathetic relationship grounded in their reciprocal affection and their mutual interests and tastes and developed through years of association. Miss Hughes's feeling toward her father reveals itself throughout the volume as little short of adoration, although it is always expressed with dignity and reserve and without sentimentality. The beginning of her work as a photographer was inspired solely by the desire to make it possible for her father to keep some intangible record of his work. His portraits, she says, "were scattered all over the world, and for professional as well as sentimental reasons he wanted copies of them." So she suggested that she study photography for that purpose. Apparently, this was somewhere back in the '80s of the last century, before Englishwomen of social standing had begun to take up or even to desire individual careers, when that sort of thing "wasn't done." With amusement, and a bit doubtful, he gave his permission. The "curse" seems to have been taken off the proceeding by the fact that for some time the prints were given away. But finally the Duke of Leinster, a client and friend of Mr. Hughes, urged Miss Hughes to sell the prints. To the mid-Victorian father this seemed to be going entirely too far, but finally his scruples and objections were overcome and his daughter was soon well launched on her career as an artistic portrait photographer, a career that was so successful and made her so widely known that even the famous artist lived to find himself identified, on at least one occasion, as "Alice Hughes's father."

An individualistic, experimenting attitude toward her profession appears to have been from the start one of Alice Hughes's characteristics. She had the artist's desire for perfection and she made innovations in pose and setting that were taken up by other less inventive photographers and became fads. Among these she mentions that she used illies so often that the "Alice Hughes lilies" became famous. The comment she makes is that "the mistake many of my imitators made was that they adopted my accessory without realizing the underlying principle that had guided me in my choice." The same desire to experiment, to seek means that will produce better results, evidently still animates her, for the final chapter of the book tells of her present interest in color photography and her belief in its possibilities. She is working in collaboration with Sir Charles Forbes, a well-known amateur photographer and inventor of photographic devices, on a scheme which, she feels sure, "will enable a photographer to produce colored prints at a reasonable price." She says of it:

> The process consists of a two-color working. It has been patented in both England and America. We have experimented over the different variations in color and have not yet realized all that can be done. Much of our work has been a kind of groping in the dark. We have tested one material after another, but we are at last near the end of our labors. I have already taken some very successful photographs. Sir Charles and I are confident that this new discovery will revolutionize modern photography. In the first place, it enables the operator to get a much more faithful resemblance; again, it does away, to a certain extent, with the expensive and never very satisfactory process of retouching. Later on, possibly, it may prove an invaluable aid to the cinema, for the method by which colored representations are now given on the screens is one involving enormous expense and trouble.

The book bubbles constantly with anecdotes and reminiscence of the titled or famous who were painted or photographed by father or daughter or who were numbered among their friends. Interesting also are the incidents connected with her father's two marriages and his desire to marry a third time, because of the light they throw on the rigidity and strength of class distinctions in England sixty, fifty and even forty years ago, when an artist, at first struggling but later famous and well-to-do, was not considered a desirable applicant for the hand of a young lady of a "county" or professional family. The anecdotes, of which there is scarcely a page that does not carry one or two, are mostly of a rather mild character. Quite a number are concerned with various members of the royal family, several of them dealing with the childhood of the present Prince of Wales and Princess Mary. They and their younger brothers appear from these anecdotes to have had simple and wholesome upbringing and to have been unspoiled, charming, vigorous children. She says of the Prince of Wales that he began to take his responsibilities very early and that she could always enlist his aid in keeping the others quiet by telling him that he was the eldest and responsible for them. And this little memory of him when her father was painting a group of the royal children makes one wonder whether heredity or training or some uncanny childish perception of his position inspired his behavior:

> It used to amuse me to see the dignity with which the little Prince would receive the greetings of my father's visitors if by chance he encountered them. Suddenly the rather fidgety baby who had been sitting on my knee a minute or two before playing at soldiers would stiffen into his official attitude and, though always simple and natural, would assume the Prince and the heir-apparent.

During Miss Hughes's childhood her family lived next door to the elder Sothern and heard from him how he originated his most famous rôle, Lord Dundreary. He did not like the part, and was so irritated by it that he determined on the opening night of the play to "guy" it. Accordingly, he did everything he could think of to make the character, which was meant by the author to be a serious creation, ridiculous, expecting the audience to show its disapproval of such treatment. But it was in America, and the audience didn't care if a noble lord was made absurd, and it manifested its amusement so unmistakably that he saw at once he had made a hit, and so set himself to develop his conception of the silly lord, begun as a larking outlet of his annoyance, into the famous creation it became in his hands.

There is this story of the wife of John Burns, famous as the first representative and leader of labor to enter Parliament. His entrance into that ancient assembly caused much astonishment and surmise, to say nothing of social disapproval. The anecdote indicates that Mrs. Burns was equal to the latter:

> A certain lady whose husband held a very prominent position in the political world of the day excused herself for not calling on Mrs. John Burns because "Battersea was such a long way off." A little later the eminent politician gave a dinner party, to which Mr. and Mrs. John Burns were invited. Mrs. John Burns wrote and declined the invitation, alleging as her excuse that the West End square was "such a long way off."

It seems almost another age that is reflected in most of these reminiscences, and not the least significant part of the book is in the final chapters, which show the author "carrying on," with true English practical common sense, in this new age of today, interested in it, bearing her share in its developments and, with face to the future, eager to see how it will turn out.

Sir Edward Hughes.

From the Portrait Painted by Himself.

Queen Mary, When Duchess of York.

From the Portrait by Sir Edward Hughes.

"Yes! We Have No Bananas"—and Why

Ninety-seven Per Cent of the American Nation Devotes Itself Zestfully to Singing It

THIS is a calm and deliberate, even a scientific, inquiry into why 97.3 per cent. of the great American Nation, at the present advanced stage of civilization, devotes itself zestfully and with unanimity to singing "Yes! We Have No Bananas." To this problem are brought the opinions of psychologists, neurologists, song market experts, musicians, specialists in folk song and students of mass reactions.

"But such a trifle," you say. It seems like breaking a butterfly on a wheel to see what it is made of, or at least like shooting a buzzing fly with a big Bertha—although the 2.7 per cent. minority, having reached the saturation point, will doubtless hope the fly gets all that is coming to it.

The inquiry is by no means an autopsy. It is a study in mental and emotional reactions and in plain reflexes like the dead frog's legs. But, bear in mind that it deals not with the inert matter of dissection, but with live stuff. "Bananas" in three months has sold 1,000,000 copies (not to mention records and piano rolls), and the market prediction is that it will sell as many more in the next three months. For the moment at least the spiritual and esthetic needs of the public are filled by a ditty which, when examined with the dispassion of the microscope, discloses a cross section such as this:

YES! We have no bananas; we
have no bananas today.
We just killed a pony
So try our bologny,
It's flavored with oats and hay.
We have those New Hamp-SHY-re
squashes,
They taste like go-LAH-shes,
But, YES! We have no bananas,
we have no bananas today.

And this after the psychologists have complimented the race at large by estimating the average human being to have a mind at least twelve years old.

There it is in all its bald inanity. Because of this college Presidents propound the circumstances under which the key phrase is grammatically correct; because of this editorials are indited and addresses made. And also the present inquiry.

Wherefore "Bananas" which has no love sentiment and fails completely outside the ballad type?

Ask in one quarter and doubtless the first suggestion is that the sales are a result of deft advertising, what the music business knows as plugging. But that will not do; other songs, boomed harder, have fallen flat.

Turn in another direction. The highbrow wrinkles his forehead and says: "It's the vapidness of the thing; that's what gets the lowbrows." But again there is an explanation which is no explanation. Perhaps, in truth, "Bananas" has never been surpassed in emptiness, but it has been equaled and more often than not its equals have been failures. Vapidness alone is not the answer. Moreover, the highbrow is on false ground. Intellectually he resents the song and intellectually he can withstand it; he may be safe as long as he is alone.

But put him in a group, even a highbrow group, and he is vulnerable; he becomes a crowd man like any longshoreman in a crowd of stevedores. The Caliban within him comes peeping out and starts to hum "Bananas." Intellectually, the highbrow says: "What is that air?" Intellectually, he is bored. But emotionally he joins in the chorus with Caliban mechanically. He may despise himself for knowing the tune, but he does.

No, this explanation of superiority will not serve either.

Other suggestions come offhand. Fashion, says one. The tune, says another. The amateur Freudian rushes in with sympolism. But none of these hit the spot.

The reason is, in part, that there is more than one spot to hit.

Jam "Bananas" into a slicing machine, turn the handle and it comes out analyzed into many factors, either inherent in the thing itself or in its presentation, and there will be a few odds and ends left over besides.

Let us pick up the pieces.

Here is the surprise element. It is the essence of the title and refrain. Yes-no. It is a familiar device, and if his verses put the climax in the first line, there is still an analogy to the trick ending long popular with short-story writers and before their day utilized by playwrights. A closer analogy, however, is found in the pun, with its mechanical release: the worse the pun, the better it is accounted. Beyond doubt the surprise element is the point of the hook that caught the fish of popularity, and the verses hammer home their little joke with the insistence of "Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall."

Right beside this is another slice. This is the inferiority complex. It begins to look as if everybody in the world had an inferiority complex. Some take it out in demonstrating their claim to superiority by making others walk around them on the sidewalk. Others forget the name of the person whose superiority reminds them of their deficiencies—and they really do forget. But "Bananas" make it easy for any one to show his superiority: there is none so lowly that he cannot look down (even if he first has to be shown) on the poor boob who makes that ludicrous yes-no blunder. Score another for the inferiority complex and chalk it up beside the record of Charlie Chaplin, who has capitalized the butt.

Turn that last slice over, and on the obverse is a trace of a third factor—the last faint suggestion of sadistic malice which is found in laughter at an unfortunate.

Then there is relief from life. Sometimes relief is found esthetically, in release upward, through "The Trojan Women," for example, or a sonata, or by a side door, as with "Warum" or Dvorak's "Humoresque." Sometimes it is found in the comic strip of a pink newspaper. Pierrot is relief, in one form, and "Bananas" is a street urchin in overalls clumsily aping his posture.

But aside from the general quality of relief, there is a specific also to account for "Bananas." It came on the popular music market after a period of ballads of which most specimens inevitably contained the words sorry and cry. The public which takes to works of this sort had been subjected to an overstrain of sob-stuff.

Under the heading of relief there is still a third element, that of infantile regression. Which means trying to slip back into childhood, when papa and mamma did the worrying. Nonsense stands for childhood. Edward Lear made a literary reputation with his nonsense books, but for many who did not learn to love them in childhood (and so are free from prejudice) Lear is as bore some as the words of "Bananas." The song, however, through its popularity produces a crowd all going the same way, and numbers seem to sanction the regression. Besides, there is the comic-valentine preposterousness of the words to make it clear that the regression isn't real after all: it's like keeping the fingers crossed.

This effort at absurdity forms a slice of analysis in itself, for it accords with the American tendency to confuse extravagance with humor.

It is at this point that the inquiry turns from the special qualities of this particular song to those of song hits as a species.

The connection is made by the nationalistic factor manifest in the extravagance. In that there is the bond of a common liking. Beside it is the bond of a common feeling: to the abstract gang spirit generated by singing a song together there is added the gang spirit of geographical unity. Laughter at the ignorant fruit vendor who knew so little English he said yes-no is a sign of disdain for the foreigner.

These are enough to start a vogue which causes the song to be asked for like a familiar bedtime story. Once it gets under way the mechanics of popularity come into play. There is the momentum of incessant repetition, ranging from the force of an advertisement seen occasionally to the hypnotic power of a revolving disk. There is imitation: the desire to be in style, to wear red sandals. There is emulation which causes men and women to find a faint and indefinable, but still distinct, reflection of success in even the remotest relation to success: the song is making lots of money; merely to sing it gives an association with money.

And at last the time comes when no motive seems needed, but the numbed residue of the public is simply overcome by weight of numbers.

It is not necessary for "Bananas" to direct its full battery of appeals on each separate devotee. There are individuals on whom none of these factors are potent, but who still succumb. Others are moved by lesser impulses. Perhaps familiarity with the title phrase: it seems to have been in use, though not widely current, before the song was written. Perhaps it is a musical familiarity: a phrase that sounds like one in some other song. Or, it may be the rhythm or symbolism or the sense of reality in having heard that the nubbin of the song is some real answer by a real fruiterer. (According to the publisher, it was.)

All that is necessary, however, is that the appeal be effective on two or three key individuals in a crowd.

"Yes! We have no bananas."

This is the opinion of Professor Mary T. Whitely of Columbia University. Dr. Whitely, whose field includes the psychology of music, points out that of two such songs, equally rhythmic, one will catch on and the other will not, but the focal point is not the mass of a crowd, but the pivotal individuals within it, selected by their suspectibility.

This has been corroborated by casual inquiries made by Dr. Menas Gregory, neurologist and head of the psychopathic department of Bellevue Hospital.

"Is it psychopathic?" Dr. Gregory was asked, and he replied:

"No. It is ordinary mob psychology. I have asked several people why they laughed at the song; they simply answer that those about them are laughing. Why do people laugh in theatres? For the same reason. Everybody else is doing it. There is the element of absurdity in this song and it has the relief element, but for the most part its effectiveness is a matter of suggestion. All follow suit."

There are pedagogic tests which might be used in an attempt to measure the words of the song. Specialists in mental tests refuse to pass judgment on one song; the mental ages of the singers at the time of singing might be determined, but extensive data would be necessary. This in fact would make a study by itself. An approximation might be made by comparing the words of "Bananas" with the test words in scales used to measure children's reading ability, which is correlated to intelligence. Simple words for simple minds is the essence of the test, yet some of the most effective passages of Shakespeare, being composed entirely of simple words, would thus rate not much higher than "Yes! We have no bananas."

"The appeal is emotional, not intellectual," says Dr. Harold O. Rugg, Professor of Educational Psychology at Columbia, giving a casual opinion.

"They played 'Bananas' at a vaudeville performance where I was a few nights ago. The audience around me ranged from a little above the moron to men of unusual intelligence. But they all enjoyed it. My boy plays the thing on the phonograph. I like it to the extent that I can work while it is being played. With other songs of the sort I couldn't.

"I can give only casual impressions, but it seems to me the surprise element in the words would be effective in making it popular. The rhythm counts, of course. The theme is commonplace. The yes-but element accumulates and the word has passed around that the song is based on a real incident; that gives an intellectual factor. But you can't predict what an audience will respond to. Rhythm, however, almost always brings an immediate response."

The musical part of "Bananas" formed only a thin slice among the pieces that came out of the analysis machine. Is this unjust? It does not seem to be so. It is the words that have the chief appeal; as with most popular songs and many others, the music was fitted on them like

(Continued on Page 25)

"Yes! We have no bananas."

Story of the British in India

Some Curious Links With Our Own History

Warren Hastings, First Governor General of Bengal.
From a Painting by Tilly Kettle.

A Review by
W. G. TINCKOM-FERNANDEZ

HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA UNDER THE COMPANY AND THE CROWN. By P. E. Roberts. 425 pp. 14 maps. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.20.

SPEECHES AND DOCUMENTS ON INDIAN POLICY, 1750-1921. Edited by Professor A. Berriedale Keith. New York: Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $8 each set.

FORTY years ago the historian Sir John Seeley began his brilliant course of lectures at Cambridge on "The Expansion of England" with a statement which impressed an older generation. He remarked: "We seem, as it were, to have conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind." His study came at an opportune time for overseas stock-taking. The Russians had just reached Merv, their nearest point to India, and Victorian England was in the throes of that epidemic of "Mervousness," as a wag put it, which has lasted in a sporadic form until the present day.

When Professor Seeley began his lectures two rival schools of political thought were in gestation: to both he addressed himself with the epigram Turgot had pronounced a quarter of a century before the Declaration of Independence. "Colonies," said Turgot with prophetic insight, "are like fruits which cling to the tree only till they ripen. . . . As soon as America can take care of herself she will do what Carthage did." The fact that India had satisfied eighteenth century England for the loss of America prompted Seeley to use the Asiatic empire for his text. The rising school of imperialism was then on its knees in rapt wonder at the extent of the overseas empire. But the Manchester school of Liberals was inoculated against "Mervousness"; it merely had a premonition of further wars and political aggrandizement.

As soon as these two schools locked horns a romantic young newspaper man in Lahore constituted himself the imperialist spokesman, bidding them rise to their feet "gentlemen unafraid" and contemplate their ardors and endurances in India, where "lived such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made our world." Meanwhile, Professor Seeley's stimulating lectures aimed to examine soberly the underlying reasons for British expansion, to determine the status and condition of British oversea dominions. As a student of history he could find no analogy for the British Empire, least of all for its Indian section, and he was concerned in examining its future value and relation to the mother country or, more accurately in India's case, the suzerain. But his practical deductions, more than justified during the recent war, fell upon deaf ears. The rival schools of policy began, under the lowering clouds of Big Business, a passionate conflict of ideas and ideals ending in the regrets and recriminations which were only obliterated by a great statesman like Campbell-Bannerman. I can do no better than quote Mr. Chesterton's conclusion to his "Victorian Age in Literature":

> The world was full of the trampling of totally new forces, gold was sighted from far in a sort of cynical romanticism; the guns opened across Africa; and the great Queen died.

It was natural, however, that India, over which the Oriental imagination of Disraeli had elevated a British sovereign as Empress, should bear the brunt of Seeley's analysis. To Victorian England, seeking an outlet for a surplus population, India was the sole possession which, by its climate and a vast congeries of Asiatic people, did not invite immigration. Unlike Canada, Australasia and to a growing extent Africa, India was not a white man's country, and therefore constituted the weak link in the chain that looped the world. It is curious, from what we learned in the great war, to find Seeley anticipating strategic questions which there found a solution beyond his most sanguine theories. He had indeed imagined England beset by a great European war taxing her resources and making it impossible to spare troops for holding India. Little did he dream that the anomaly he found in the British Indian Empire would turn to her advantage in a great European crisis—the fact that England, following the example of her French rivals and the historic Asiatic invaders from Central Asia, had utilized Indian troops to conquer and hold India. An Indian Prince signed for India the Treaty of Versailles in 1919.

But how many other anomalies lurk in these Oxford volumes! And the story they unfold has more claims upon American attention than would at first appear. The loss of the American colonies was compensated for by India. With France the enemy, it was in North America and India, almost simultaneously, that the British and French fought for paramount expansion. After his eclipse at Yorktown General Cornwallis fades from the American scene to shine again as a brilliant proconsul in India. At the close of the eighteenth century an American boy began his Indian career: Sir David Ochterlony was born at Boston and educated at our oldest preparatory school, Dummer Academy, at South Byfield, Mass., before he went to India as a cadet in the service of the East India Company. There he rose to distinction as a soldier and administrator, and is remembered today by an imposing monument at Calcutta. Lastly, a great American university owes its early endowment to money earned in Indian trade as well as its name to the Anglo-Indian donor. Elihu Yale was the son of a New Haven settler, and became the capable Governor of Madras, who plays an important part in the history of Mr. Roberts.

When Seeley was lecturing Victorian England, pessimism was rife as to the benefit England was conferring on India. The witty Max Beerbohm has caricatured Matthew Arnold being asked by his niece, Mrs. Humphry Ward, if he was ever really serious. But no verses of Uncle Matthew were taken more seriously and quoted more by the politician and editorial writer than the following:

> The East bowed low before the blast
> In patient, deep disdain;
> She let the legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again.

The favorite analogy for England was Rome, and Professor Seeley was busy destroying that analogy. Small wonder that the imperialists turned to Kipling to strum away the gloom with his banjo, "the war drum or the white man round the world." But despite what Mr. Chesterton calls "a sort of cynical romanticism" the mood persisted. It naturally affected the most idealistic manifestation of the West to the East, in which vast sums of American money are invested, the spiritual enterprise in India. Macaulay, who framed the famous Minute on Education, who, though no Orientalist, had sweepingly asserted that the Greek and Roman classics and English particularly were worth all the Sanskrit, Persian or Arabic classics, was sanguine as to the results of English education. In 1836 he wrote his father from India:

> It is my firm belief that if our plans of education are followed up there will not be a single Idolator among the respectable classes in Bengal thirty years hence; and this will be effected without any effort to proselytize—merely by the natural operation of knowledge and reflection.

Regarding Bengal, where the British fleet first won a footing, T. F. Bignold, an unknown contemporary of Kipling in India, cynically remarked:

> Our Church, as at present it stands,
> Has no congregation nor steeple;
> The lands are all low-lying lands,
> And the people are low-lying people.

Into that mass of heterogeneous caste-ridden peoples how could England expect to inject Western institutions, ideas of democratic government, of political and religious liberty? It was all very well for the Poet Laureate to chant: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay"; it took a great deal of saying. And for the moment Kipling's easy cliché about East and West sounded less abstruse. But like a mole in the Dark Continent the Spirit of Time from the West (as Dr. Lowes Dickinson has happily aligned them) was steadily at work on the Spirit of the Eternal in the East. These three volumes outline the story from those precarious beginnings down to the present constitutional Government that assures to India autonomy in the future.

But what a romantic story fills the interval! A group of merchants representing a private corporation, the first and greatest Anglo-Saxon trust, go to trade with an unknown continent half the world away. In 1615 they obtain a charter from James I. and pay the expenses of the first English Ambassador. They get scant recognition, are obliged to fight native extortion and the cut-throat rivalry of the Portuguese, Dutch and French. These rivals are successively overcome by sea power. In the midst of their buying and selling the Mogul power crumbles, and they suddenly find themselves suffering from the growing anarchy. Mogul officials set themselves up as Rajahs, adventurers with mercenary armies scour the land, carving kingdoms for themselves. Save for the aristocratic Rajputs, the Princes of India today are descended from these adventurers. The merchants perforce recognised those adjoining their settlements. Then began the final struggle with the French. Both Europeans enlisted the aid of Indian rulers, and clerks like Clive developed into soldiers. With the French eliminated, there remained the inevitable responsibility of keeping order to protect their property and trade, of supporting their Indian allies. Before they knew it they were king-making and law-giving in the intervals of balancing their ledgers.

This is what we may call the parochial period. Now followed the national period. Up to now the company had hired their own soldiers and sailors, paid their own running expenses, and, after 1767, obliged to pay "graft" or an annual subsidy of £400,000 to a soi-disant protector, the Government in London. Small wonder that perpetual demands for money from private and political interests in England harassed a great administrator like Warren Hastings, who now emerges from the damaging rhetoric of Burke and even Macaulay an honester man than his accusers. But British politics were rotten; every man indeed had his price; and the price offered by bloated "Nabobs," as the retired French and English merchants were known in their respective countries, was gained in India. The eighteenth century phenomenon is in the true gold-rush tradition of the Klondike. Both company and State soon saw the need of regulation, and a series of acts followed bringing India under Parliamentary control. And yet Hastings's accuser Fox brazenly introduced a bill for the wholesale transfer of patronage from the company to nominees of the Crown!

Meanwhile the company never forgot its responsibility. It strenuously cleaned its Augean stable and looked to the future. In 1833 it was enacted that "no person by reason of his birth, creed or color shall be disqualified from holding any office in our service." It was established as an indisputable principle that the interests of the native subjects are to be consulted in preference to those of Europeans wherever the two come into competition." Indigenous laws and customs were incorporated into the company's judicial system. Religious rights were always respected, Infanticide and sati or widow-burning were abolished. Indian merchandise was brought into touch with world markets. By the end of a century a private trading company had not only assumed the governance of a country as large as Europe, excluding Russia, but had laid the foundations for unity such as had never existed in Indian history, and thus fomented a nationalism alien to a heterogeneous Asiatic people and taught them to claim privileges their merchantile tutors had won at Runnymede.

For sheer romance it cannot be beaten. And the romance adheres to this early period when these merchants and their hired soldiers, white and brown, fought in perukes, shakoes and stifling eighteenth century uniforms to bring order out of chaos rather than to the Victorian period when Kipling's "Soldiers Three" picturesquely maintained this order.

These books trace the devious paths that led to the present constitutional fabric. Before and since the war, our forums have been at the mercy of a small section of Indian intelligentsia who have been too well aware of our ignorance of Indian affairs. The popular subject of famines has been glibly ascribed to the British ledger. But their incidence and dates are now available. Indian scholars are translating the old histories and annals of pre-English periods, and hereafter the devil will get his due. It remains some day for the literature of this new constitutional period to be collated and published so that the will and desires of the inarticulate millions, who know nothing of the picturesque data they furnish our forums, may be known to us. Their minds have too long been obsessed by the spiritual search after the One in the Many. They are now learning the western political formula of the Many in One, and they will not learn the lesson until they shed religious and caste distinctions and prejudices for the spirit of western democracy. Like Japan they will shed the Spirit of the Eternal for the Spirit of Time. It may not be long, perhaps, before they will even appreciate that caricature of Max Beerbohm, which represents Tennyson reading to his sovereign in that stifling, plush upholstered Windsor drawing room: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

The Rev. Edward Terry, Chaplain to Sir Thomas Roe, James I.'s Ambassador to the Great Mogul.

A Pilgrimage to the Land of Romanesque Art

New Chronology Established for Mediæval Monuments

A Review by
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

ROMANESQUE SCULPTURE OF THE PILGRIMAGE ROADS. *By A. Kingsley Porter. Ten volumes. 1,327 illustrations. Boston: The Marshall Jones Company.*

THE general world upheaval—wars, earthquakes, tidal waves, Einstein theories, Bolshevism, ectoplasmata, Fascismo—seems to be reflected in the revolt against generally accepted chronology. Recently discovered papyri prove definitely that Christ was born eight years at least before our year One. It makes us all eight years older than we thought we were. And now comes Professor Porter with a chronologicistic onslaught on orothodox archeology. His first paragraph is a confession that he began with an uncritical acceptance of the dates generally assigned to Romanesque monuments. But as he delved into the subject he was more and more struck by the discrepancies between the actual periods when these works of art were finished, as proved by inscriptions and documents, and the generally later dates imagined by scholars who care more for conventions than for the truth. "Veritas prevalebit" is Professor Porter's evident motto, and his elucidation of Romanesque chronology leaves high and dry such "eminent exponents" as M. André Michel, M. Enlart, the Comte de Lasteyrie, and, indeed, most if not all other authorities.

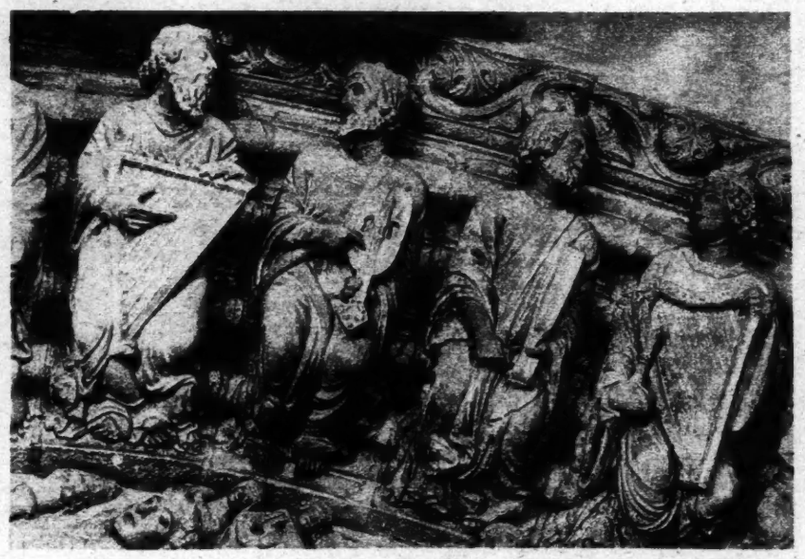
Early students of medieval archeology, who "too often loved the glory of their native land with greater fervor than was compatible with impartial judgment," were inclined to ascribe a fabulous antiquity to local monuments. A reaction toward a much later dating followed, and out of the controversy that ensued was established what Professor Porter calls "a politic compromise, the truth of which was never in any absolute fashion proved." The chronology of the monuments of the Ile-de-France was accepted and used as a comparison with which to determine the dates of other monuments not only in France but in other countries. "Any documents," says Professor Porter, "inconsistent with the archaeological system thus grew up were simply set aside." He gives a list of 425 "dated monuments" which stand up in the majesty of fact to confront the theorists. Not that the theorists actually ignore the dates and documents, but in order to bolster up their pet chronology by two rival explanations

> The first, and most used [according to Professor Porter] assumes that the construction of Romanesque buildings proceeded very slowly and with many delays; that the actual building might take place years after the date given in the documents for the beginning of the construction, or the consecration of the church or even its completion. * * * The step from saying that it might have taken place years after to saying that it must have taken place years after was a short one.
>
> The second explanation insisted that, while the date may have been correct in any given case for the erection of a church, the edifice must have been torn down and subsequently reconstructed. Professor Porter demolishes this explanation in one sentence: "It was certainly not the custom in the Middle Ages to pull down a new church as soon as it was finished." And the more he studied the literature the more he became convinced
>
> that, as a rule, in determining the age of any given work less weight had been attached to comparison with dated monuments or to documents than to archeological date.

Indeed, he says further that "any chronology inconsistent with the orthodox chronology, was à priori rejected." And one "authority, M. Marignan, gravely proposed to move the entire chronological chain a half century later!"

Professor Porter comes into the arena to stage a tournament "between the unanimous opinion of the archaeologists, on the one hand, and the nearly unanimous opinion of the documents on the other." And the array of documents, even in the confessedly incomplete list above mentioned, drawn not only from France but from many other lands, indicates the importance of his monumental work. How completely subversive his chronology is may be judged from a few examples: Frout of Périgueux is moved back from 1120 to 1047; the crosses of Hexham and Newcastle, from the twelfth century to 740 and 670, respectively; the Apostles of the Milan Cathedral, from the end of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century to 1186; the pulpit at Canosa, from the end of the eleventh century to a time anterior to 1041; the Cagliari pulpit, from 1260 to 1162. He confesses that at one time he himself, relying on theory, assigned to the twelfth century the St. Ambrogio altar, but later discovered that an inscription on it definitely relates it to the ninth century. He has become convinced that the assumed constant, progression from lower to higher forms—evolution applied to art—does not exist. There are hosts of proofs instanced where early work is fine and noble, and later work is crude and rough. He recognizes "that the lapse of even six centuries brought on occasion a change of style so slight that we are unable to detect it, if it exist at all."

His work is devoted to showing that the documents and the monuments are in reality in perfect agreement; and the history of Romanesque art will be seen in a light less dramatic, less Darwinistic, but [he thinks] more convincing than that hitherto imagined.



Santiago de Compostela, La Coruna, Cathedral. Portico de la Gloria.

One has to revise one's whole notion of medieval art. Instead of long dreary centuries of blankness, men of creative genius were always at work; "sculpture in stone never ceased to be executed in Europe." Occasionally it is discovered that in some little out-of-the-way hamlet in Spain or in Italy or in Germany, a sculptor or an architect was doing great things. The archaeological Noah on voyages of discovery over "the uncharted waters" of the supposedly barren eleventh century suddenly catches sight of one submerged Ararat. He moors his ark on its side and finds a temple or a tomb, perhaps with a date on its lintel. Thus in St.-Genis-des-Fontaines in the Eastern Pyrenees, there is a lintel of Byzantine type with a series of eight Apostles and a date—1020-1021. The keen Noah—or Knower—is fortified with a compass which tells him where he is. He can tell whether to look to the south or to the east for his orientation. He detects in the draperies of these Apostles, especially in the sleeves, definite analogies with those depicted in an ivory of the seventh century or a book cover of German design dating from the ninth or tenth century.

In the next village to St.-Genis, St.-Andre-de Sorrede, there is a lintel, which is own brother to the other and possibly by the same sculptor, though perhaps to be dated ten years later. It is a fragment of a relief marvelously mutilated. What does it tell? Whether it be an Apostle or not no one knows but the gentleman's legs are crossed: seemingly a very unimportant detail. But the convention of "crossed legs" can be traced back almost as far as human beings had legs to cross. A spandrel figure in Zwarmotz in Armenia dates from 641-661 crosses his. So does a Roman relief in the Museum in Cairo; there are dozens of examples in ivory carvings. Professor Porter thinks he is justified in conjecturing that it originated in Greek Asiatic monuments and is found in widely diffused carvings all through the East and the West. By seemingly trifling details like that the Noah archaeologist finds lines of analogy and is often enabled approximately to date some undated sculpture or to attribute its authorship.

Certain carved pulpits at Canosa, at Siponto and at Monte San Angelo, all evidently by the same hand, signed Acceptus, and all executed with the utmost delicacy, refinement and precision of technique—that of a human head, for instance, "with an effectiveness that would do credit to a Greek artist of the fifth century B. C.," are wholly subversive of the orthodox theory. They date from the second quarter of the eleventh century. Even in Northern Europe are found examples of carving not less striking. At Regensburg, alias Ratisbon, are

> stone sculptures full of dignity and power. The long face and the curls of St. Emmeram recall those of St. Isarne, but the half convention of the Christ is more akin to that of Acceptus's head at Monte S. Angelo. The draperies are adequately rendered, sometimes by parallel fine lines which seem copied from a miniature, but also by heavy plastic folds, showing already quite the character of the twelfth century.

They are dated 1049-1064. Professor Porter here as elsewhere effectively disposes of the dogma that early sculpture is crude.

He believes that stone sculptures were often made from the patterns immortalized in ivory carvings of far earlier date, and especially in Spain, where there were famous ateliers, showing strong Moorish influence. There are a number of such carvings in the Museo Arqueologico in Madrid and several very beautiful ones in the Metropolitan in New York. A chapter is devoted to early Spanish ivories, as especially introductory to tracing the travels of Romanesque sculpture.

The author goes on to a microscopic study of the cloister of Santo Domingo de Silos, the throne of San Nicolas of Bari, the relics of Romanesque art at Cluny, with chapters devoted to Clonais art in Burgundy, in Auvergne and other provinces of France, in Germany, Austria, England, Tuscany, Aragon and indeed "throughout the length and breadth

(Continued on Page 23)

Fontfroide (Aude) Relief Now in Court of University, Montpellier. Adoration of the Magi.

Interviewing Lady Astor About Her Bill

Conversations With the First Woman Member of Parliament Before and After

By CLARA T. MacCHESNEY

LADY ASTOR'S bill prohibiting the purchase of liquor at a public bar by a person under 18 years old has become a law "enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons in this present Parliament assembled." So runs the legal phraseology which gives form if not force to that British legislation with which the King has, in fact, so little to do.

Just before the bill came up in the Commons I talked with Lady Astor and again just afterward. By the kindness of this sometime Virginian and first woman member of the mother of Parliaments I was also present in the House of Commons when the bill was debated and passed. But she declined to express any personal opinion on total prohibition for England.

Promptly at 11 o'clock (at the hour and on the day appointed by her for the interview) I rang the bell at 4 St. James Square and was shown into a large drawing room paneled in white wood and simply furnished. The three deep west windows are screened with thin white curtains. Between are two high bookcases. The pictures (all landscapes) are of the eighteenth century period. Large easy chairs, several tables, ample couches, many, many books, a few photographs furnish the room. Two handsome green cloisonné vases stand on the mantel. Near one of them is a framed photograph of Admiral Sims, full length, standing. On it are written these words: "To Mrs. Waldorf Astor, in grateful remembrance for her many kindnesses and charming hospitality for a lonely sailor." There is also a life-sized charcoal head of Lady Astor, done by John Sargent in 1907. It shows her full face, is vibrant, vivacious, with hair en pompadour, high above her forehead: a splendid likeness.

While I waited for Lady Astor her very efficient political secretary gave me some data about her liquor bill. It is very difficult to get a so-called private member's bill before the House of Commons, especially at such a crowded session as at present. By good fortune, Lady Astor came third in the voting which confers this privilege. She had agreed beforehand to introduce this particular bill. In the beginning it was in the form of a petition, promoted and signed by 118,000 teachers and "high-minded people." These petitions asked Lord Bryce to present it to the Board of Education. It thus did not originate in the temperance societies, as so many have asserted, though it was adopted as one of four points of the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches, every denomination being represented.

As it was originally introduced it prohibited the purchase by young people under 18 of any kind of drink at a public bar. But it left it open for older persons to stand treat if they so desired. The bill was amended so as to provide that "no young people under 18 may be served with drink for consumption in a bar, whoever pays for it. But it permits young people to procure either cider or beer with a meal, not in a public bar but in the licensed premises where meals are served.

In a little while I was taken upstairs and ushered into Lady Astor's morning room. It is a small room, also paneled in white wood, and was that day filled with sunshine and masses of flowers. Many water-colors of the Astor children hang on the walls. A large and fully equipped writing desk stands by the window; simplicity and comfort dominate.

Lady Astor entered quickly, dressed for tennis, with a racket under her arm. One's first impression is that she is smaller than one had thought and that her figure is that of a young girl.

"So sorry," she said, "but I got mixed, somehow, in my dates. I am to play with four members of Parliament, but I'll give you a few minutes. My political secretary has given you all the facts about the bill and what I am trying to do. It comes up day after tomorrow at 11. We have a two-hour debate on it, and if by 1 o'clock it is not called for a third reading it's laid off for some time. I'll send you a card of admission.

"What do I think of prohibition here and in the States? That I am not at liberty to tell you. Sorry—"

That ended the interview.

However, she was true to her word. The admission ticket reached me in ample time. Up to then I had only seen and admired the House of Commons from the outside. So it was with great interest and some excitement that I approached the outer gate. The weather was very hot and it was Friday the 13th.

I presented my ticket and was allowed to enter the court. Again it was asked for at the great door. Again at another door until four "bobbies" had seen it.

At the last door we were lined up on both sides, many English, a few Americans, about forty in all. As the hands of the clock over the door pointed to 11 and Big Ben boomed outside, Bobby No. 4 allowed us to pass through, single file. We hurriedly climbed narrow, steep stairs (literally back stairs), ran down winding corridors and up more steep stairs until we encountered a heavy individual in full evening dress and gold decorations, who compelled us to sign our names and addresses in a large book.

On we hurried again until we finally reached the gallery, directly opposite the Speaker's chair. The usher, also in full dress, with gold chains, gave me a front seat in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, saying, as there was much space between my next neighbor and the end of the seat:

"Sit in the middle of it, so you won't get too warm!" I was grateful, for he crowded no one in beside me.

Viscount Astor and his oldest son sat just in front of me in the Peers' Gallery. When young Astor came in late and breathless, his mother looked up and threw him a radiant smile.

On the floor, directly opposite, on a high seat with a canopy at the back, in white wig and robes, sat Mr. Whitley, the Speaker. On his right, occupying only half the benches, sat the members of the Conservative Party, now in power.

Lady Astor wore a simple black dress with white collar and cuffs, and a large hat of black illusion. At the left sat all the opposing parties, the Labor Party predominating. The result of the two hours' debate was, as everybody now knows, the final passage of the third reading of Lady Astor's bill. This, in spite of "ingenious obstruction tactics" (filibustering we'd call it), the vote stood 237 to 10.

But those were two highly interesting and very exciting hours. The whole House was in a high good humor, especially the Labor Party, which was almost unanimous for the bill. Their gibes and jeers against Sir Frederick Banbury, the chief opponent, were most amusing. This red-nosed old Britisher never forgot to put on his black top hat every time he sat down, which was often.

Lady Astor.

From a Drawing by Gordon Stevenson.

As all the papers said, Lady Astor showed great restraint as he read from letters, newspaper clippings, ponderous books and often in a voice so low that no one could hear him.

Twelve o'clock came. The tension was great. Sometimes Lady Astor sat with her fingers in her ears. Seeing this, Sir Frederick said: "The noble lady recognizes the force of my argument and does not wish to be convinced by it!" Laughter followed. She was constantly referred to as "the noble lady" by the speakers, sometimes as the "noble member from Plymouth," never once, of course, as Lady Astor. To pronounce the name of a member is unparliamentary.

Once a member of the Labor Party cried out, "Louder!" Sir Frederick then went back and repeated what he'd said, thus taking up more time. Lady Astor signaled the Laborites not to interrupt again. In the course of the debate many members went and sat by her, engaging her in conversation. A vehement tirade against the bill was made by a prohibition member, who asserted that the measure was a "safety valve for the continued existence of the liquor traffic." Colonel Gretton of a firm of brewers made a stir when he rose, and the Labor Party chanted: "Beer, beer, delicious beer!" He objected to "legislation of this fussy, interfering, effeminate kind," and suspected the noble lady would not stop here, and would follow by bills of a similar character.

Lady Astor was received with cheers when she rose to reply. She made a point of the fact that the bill was not her bill, but was got up by the teachers and backed by the vast majority of high-thinking people, and added: "Do people really think when they speak of Lady Astor imposing her will on a free country that I am as powerful as that? It almost turns my head when I see how I am held up as 'this alien who has come over her to impose her will on the free people of England.'"

She spoke of those Conservatives who lived in terror of prohibition. "I warn them," she said, "that civilization is built up of vexatious restrictions. I, for instance, would like to jump into St. James's Park lake and take a swim."

"It is dry!" cried many members amid great laughter.

"I meant," Lady Astor retorted, "when the water was in it. I did not say I wanted to drink it. I wanted a swim."

As she talked Sir Frederick Banbury seemed crouched down in his seat under his high hat as if endeavoring to make himself as small as possible.

A division was called for and tellers named, Lady Astor being one. The members then divided and went out into the lobby.

In five minutes all filed back. The four took their places in line, standing, facing the Speaker, and bowed very low. Lady Astor, as chief teller for the bill, announced the figures and emphasized the fact that the Opposition had only mustered 10 votes.

Afterward I went to Lady Astor to congratulate her on the victory. "Yes," she said, "it was a triumph for the woman's vote. Not even Demosthenes nor any other great man could have got it through. My speech was the most difficult I ever made. And I had not intended to say some of the things I did.

"Do I believe in suffrage for woman? Why, I was born a suffragist! No, I did not take part in the militant movement here, much as I would have liked, for I was (with a smile) otherwise importantly engaged! I subscribed to the movement, had many friends in it and was deeply interested."

"Yes, Mrs. Pankhurst is a great woman, living quietly in Canada, I believe. She, or her type of woman, is most needed in Parliament: one who is interested in the laws governing the life of women and children—not the feminist type."

She turned to her bookcase, took up her Bible, and said:

"I was reading this chapter this morning about Ahab." And she read a verse to illustrate her meaning. "Mrs. Fawcett is a great woman, too, the best here in England today."

With regard to prohibition, she only said:

"It depends entirely on the will of the people." She would not give her personal opinion about it.

What she works for unflaggingly is to improve the condition of the unfortunate women and children of the laboring classes and to help enact laws toward that end.

She believes in:

Equal guardianship.

Equal pay for equal work.

Equal opportunity in the civil service, the professions and industry.

Equal franchise.

Equal divorce facilities.

A PICTORIAL SUGGESTION TO THE PARK DEPARTMENT

This View of High Bridge Can Be Had Now Only at the Risk of Life, or at Least of Limb; But Were Paths Made in the Park Above the Old Speedway, Were the Exuberant Growth of the Trees Persuaded to Restrain Itself Here and There, Thus Permitting Our Eyes to See, We Might Readily Behold the Beauty the Gods Have So Generously Bestowed Upon the City.

Drawn by W. B. Van Ingen.

Epic Qualities Sought in the Insignificant

A Review by
MARY SIEGRIST

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. TIDMUSS. By Wilfrid Blair. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.

YES, as Zona Gale suggests, this book should be entitled "Waste." It is a story of barren lives that creep from littleness to littleness—from unmattering task to unmattering task—through the unrelieved grayness of days. It is the story of a round of futility compared to which the kitten chasing its tail is a meaningful thing. For the kitten extracts genuine pleasure from the performance. These routine-ridden lives are as colorless as smoke, as shorn of romance as bones gnawed of their flesh in the desert. Only the bleak of life is here, pitiful, appealing, infinitely heartrending in its stark tragedy.

Into these lives the high gods do not enter—or, entering, are quickly crushed out beneath the juggernaut of routine. They are not driven by furies or gnawed by unassuageable grief or torn by "infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn." This clearly is a picture of life in its darkest aspects of denial—of spiritual privation. Better to be rent asunder with agony than to be dumb at the feast of life. Orestes driven by the Furies is enviable compared with the dull, apathetic, sodden lives of those who have tasted neither joy nor pain. For them no wine is poured—no tables are spread. Unwelcome guests at the table of life, they are sent cold and supperless to bed. Great life, as it were, will have none of them.

It is for this reason that this book is such tragic reading. Nothing happens. Nothing in the interior lives. It is the story of progressive spiritual paralysis. You know beforehand that the poetry of Selina's nature—her quick, delicate sensitiveness—will be stamped quickly out by the well-intentioned but unimaginative persons about her, themselves the victims of environment. Her bright dreams will be taken from her. She will be disillusioned—overridden and shamed into being practical. You know, too, that those about her will be as unconscious of their crime as the complacent cow is of tramping down daisies while chewing its meadow grass. This is the unrelieved tragedy of it all.

This story, told with admirable compression, is in reality a novel in verse. From this standpoint it is a unique creation. It is not, to be sure, a path breaker in this field, for there are others among them—notably Spenser and Sir Walter Scott—who have gone before, as well as those among contemporary poets, who are today doing narrative verse. The poem is unique, however, for its quaint autobiographical character, condensed as it is within the pages of this slender volume.

It is a simple story, full of homely incidents, direct and forthright in expression. It is made up of the stages of childhood, maidenhood, motherhood, middle age and old age. Through these we follow humble Selina, who grew up a shy little creature who never seemed quite at home in the world, married Tom Tidmuss, did the housework faithfully as any slave, became the mother of two children, Harry and Tilly, and finally died as unnoted by the world as she had lived. In the intense reality of the scene and characters we come to know them intimately—Selina, Tom Tidmuss, the neighbor, "Mrs. White"; Selina's boy Harry, her parents and brothers. To say that they "live," however, as The London Times says of them, is to deal in conscious or unconscious irony. They are reproduced. Within their known compass of life they do pass from change to change in their commonplace and undistinguished way and are conscious of the sharpness of the struggle. But not by any stretch of the imagination can they be said abundantly to live, except in the sense that we follow the story of their thin existence. They pass before us vividly in a strangely detailed and unexpected way.

This "Epic of Insignificance" is remarkable in that it reveals the stifled innate poetry of their apparently humdrum lives and their essential worth and beauty without in any way idealizing them. Only a writer of deep humanity and insight could have accomplished it. We follow Selina from the time of her mother's first homely warning to her about crossing the streets.

> Your Gran'ma used to give me pennies, dear,
> And always warned me, "Little Gels as runs
> Across the road without they see it's clear
> Gets knocked down, Leena." So I needn't say
> I never crossed when any carts were near.

As for her so-called religious training, she is dipped in the accustomed plating-bath of Truth.

> God, Jesus, Heaven and Love—mixed metal and dross—
> She was rubbed to easy ruth
> For disobedience, greed and being cross.
> * * * * * *
> So the slow pettiness of childhood slurs
> Across life's early pages. What remains
> Rememberable, where nothing that occurs
> Adds one light scruple to the heroic gains
> Of man's existence? Here is but forthshown
> What in the sum builds up a few gold grains.

Then follows the Argument—and here is the essential greatness of the book—

> Yet, 'tis the Argument, that these unknown,
> Unknowing, feeble, ineffectual freight—
> These, each innumerable seed grain strown
> Of life, ev'n in their unheroic fate,
> Their very plight of spurless littleness,
> Are glorious, heroical and great.
> * * * * * * *
> Look we then never on one that shares this stress
> Of living, low moss on paths beneath dread feet,
> Except to glorify and pity and bless—

In "Maidenhood" we have this ironic epitome of Selina's education:

> At fourteen school was done with, and she carried
> Her education ballast into life;
> Tight in her mind the twelve times table tarried
> With all his younger brethren; she was rife
> With dates and rivers, and could parse and spell,
> And thus was fitted to be woman and wife.

And then Tom Tidmuss came, with his mild-weak face above loose, loutish limbs. He never dressed up smart. Mean, graceless wooing, and yet—

(Continued on Page 21)

Lost Edens of England

Life and Work in the Slow-Changing Country Districts

ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK. By Ernest C. Pulbrook. Illustrated. 243 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

THE war seems to have sent us abroad at home to take stock of its repercussions upon the rural life and work which are the heart and mainstay of a nation. With Mr. Pulbrook's idea in mind, an American duplicate of his book might be well worth our writing. On these shores, as well as in England, the desperate economy of war challenged the genius of the people and revived many a native art and industry that was well-nigh extinct and which may, now that the necessity has gone, lapse into oblivion. Though political irony may rust the romance, yet the factitious war-time industry of many a disused New England shipyard may become a tradition for our rising generation.

With Mr. Pulbrook, we find ourselves recalling the charm and character of rural England, endeared to the reviewer by memories of English schooldays when the sense of continuity from the past and a Victorian tradition was in peril of change. The rapid passing of Victorian London was atoned for by excursions into a rural Georgian and Victorian England. But the war has laid violent hands on those precious survivals. That so much of their charm has suffered a change into "something rich and strange," that so many survivals and memories of rural England are vanishing, is amply proved by Mr. Pulbrook's text and pictures. We have prescribed Washington Irving's historic portrayal for our young and are turning to the novels of Mr. Archibald Marshall for the story of leisurely and spacious times less remote, when living was still a fine art, and a rare dignity clung to its amenities. But first and last we shall go to the master whose Wessex sublimates for us the English country life and character. How persistently Thomas Hardy's creations haunt one in turning Mr. Pulbrook's pages!

During an armistice sojourn it was natural to hear the old cry of "Back to the Land." Who was not intrigued by the ardent dream of the English Guild School? Wearied by the great struggle, so drastic in its economic and social phases, which, as the Guildsmen told us, crystallized the naughtiness of urban concentration, commercial exploitation and expansion, the blighting materialism of our mechanistic age, we hearkened to their brave dream of rural recrudescence. Like Antaeus, England would derive strength for any submarine menace of the future. The post-war problem of housing was to be solved by a return to the land, a redistribution and a rehabilitation of what was once Merrie England. One felt that William Morris had not lived in vain. Alas! human nature is perverse and prefers a grinding materialism to Utopia.

But Mr. Pulbrook shows us our lost Edens. He successfully presents that perennial appeal which always has at its mercy our simple as well as our sophisticated minds. At least it was the intellectual who responded to the intriguing Guildsmen, the hortations of Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton, and surely they have no cause for regret. If theirs is the happy sacrifice then Mr. Chesterton has rhymed the moral in his "Song of the Oak":

> The Druids waved their golden swords
> And danced about the Oak
> When they had sacrificed a man;
> But though the learned search and scan,
> No single modern person can
> Entirely see the joke.
> But though they cut the throats of men
> They cut not down the tree,
> And from the blood the saplings sprang
> Of oak trees yet to be.

On these materialistic shores we dignified our post-war tribulations with no such philosophy. Our modern, sanitary war towns in Arcadia are rotting like those early mining "boom" settlements of the West. Instead of Brook Farms our "realtors" brazenly lured us with the "gentleman's estate" and its "master bedrooms." The cartoonist has immortalized the joys of the Sabine Farm, while its economies are intensely involved with the Bureau of Agriculture, the State Farm Bureaus and the Chicago wheat and cold storage markets. But despite all these discouragements and the classic epigram of Barnum, who magnificently plowed his Connecticut acres with an elephant, we shall continue to hear "the voice of the turtle," bearing in mind Mark Twain's opinion that no respectable American should raise a family around a radiator.

Thus even Mr. Pulbrook is at pains to emphasize the historical present while lamenting the past of rural England. He has gathered a mass of material on every phase of English rural life and work, supporting his text with pictures that too often date a halcyon period. On land and sea the rural economies of England are lovingly recorded with all their wealth of custom and practice, through which still glimmer the medieval outlines that cast their spell over the Guildsmen. Mr. Pulbrook reminds us that the English countryside is still, to a large extent, self-sufficient and self-supporting. Village industries still prop a rural economy that once concerned the doughty and litigious William Cobbett, who, for a time, sojourned on these shores and struggled with a Long Island farm. If his valiant name or his "Rural Rides" do not appear in Mr. Pulbrook's text the omission may be rectified by some enterprising American publisher giving us an annotated edition and introduction by Mr. Chesterton of Cobbett's "Cottage Economy" to help us improve our bread as well as our "home brew."

The American farmer will find Mr. Pulbrook vastly interesting. He will learn that Doomsday Book continues to justify its paradoxical title, for "there died a year or two back a farmer whose family had owned and tilled the same land at Maxey, Northants, since 1400." On the sheep runs of the Northwest fells, where John Peel's horn once resounded and our tourists "do" the Lake School of Poets, the flocks belong to the landlord, not the tenant. In Dorset the dairymen often hire their cows from the farmer who feeds and houses them. Here is an idea for our "gentleman farmer." When teams of eight oxen drew the plow, cheese and even butter were made from ewe's milk to which, as Thomas Tusser, the sixteenth century farmer-poet, says, cow's milk was added. We commend the idea to the Milk Trust.

> Five ewes to a cow, make proof by a score,
> Shall double thy dairy or trust me no more.

In the last century the English farmer had no labor troubles so long as he was known to be liberal with his cider and ale. In Hereford, Somerset and Devon four quarts a day was the regular allowance for a harvest hand. But the last ears are "no longer twisted into the Kern Doll and escorted to the farmhouse with proper ceremonies" followed by a hearty supper with plenty of cider and ale. Though gleaning is outworn, the parish church in many sections still sounds the gleaning bell. The romantic story of American migrant workers in the West has its English counterpart in the annual descent of London slum families upon Kentish hop and fruit orchards. Women once played an important part in farm labor, a rôle revived during the war. Traditions of county soil are reflected in the misogynist, Dr. Burton, who, in 1771, blamed the stubborn Sussex soil in his ungallant query: "Why is it that the oxen, the swine, the women and all other animals are so long-legged in Sussex?" But Mr. Pulbrook reminds us that women were local officials like church wardens in the past. To rural craftsmanship the Krupp industry owed its origin. According to the old Sussex couplet it was at Buxted that

> Master Huggett and his son John
> They did cast the first can-non.

Those who have fished in Maine have been surprised at the ignorance displayed by the "native" regarding natural history. In rural England also the names of the commonest birds and wild flowers are unfamiliar to him. But there are plenty of old-timers wise in country lore. Few American villages can rival Saintsbury, whose old roadmaster was also parish clerk, Greek scholar and musician. The last American Town Crier survives at Nantucket, but he is a far more familiar personage in England:

> At Honiton, Devon, the fair is opened by proclamation of the town crier and a gilded glove is displayed, and at Seamer, Northumberland, it is cried, and the charter granted by Richard II. to the Earl of Northumberland read in three places by the head keeper, accompanied by a cavalcade of tenants. Peterborough rejoices in its sausage luncheon after the fair has been proclaimed on the bridge; Stratford Mop is famous for the roasting of an ox, Bidford of a pig, and elsewhere similar or other customs still obtain.

The English market day or fair is lost in antiquity and picturesquely marks the privileges wrested from rulers. Market Drayton obtained its market rights in 1245. Says Mr. Pulbrook:

> One is tempted to quote old market rules and regulations against profiteering in all its forms which are as old as the market itself. So that all might be served alike, some ordained that no buying or selling might take place before the ringing of the market bell, others that no outsider could buy until local requirements had been satisfied. Market prices ruled over large areas as they do today to some extent, and the authorities of a few market towns levy toll on all goods sold within their jurisdiction by any one dwelling outside.

Trading still obtains in this country as well as in England, and remains a matter of primitive barter.

> Exchange is the order of the day, going by the name of contra accounts. It is an easy matter until settling day comes, say, every six or twelve months, when one of the parties visits the other, spending the evening comparing accounts and settling values. Coals are weighed against joints of meat, dairy produce against groceries, a funeral against bread or feed for a horse, repairs executed by carpenter or builder against ordinary household commodities.

But it is naturally on the seaboard, in England as well as America, that survivals are most persistent. Mr. Pulbrook notes the same succession of steam and motor power to that of sail familiar in both countries. In England as well as at Gloucester, Mass., and other New England ports "the skipper owner is fast becoming the servant of a syndicate, the crew sea laborers and the local diversities in profit-sharing are dying out." Beliefs and superstitions are as common to both seaboards. The sea is propitiated and signs and, omens, though cleverly rationalized, still sway each adventure. Coastwise pride and rivalry among crews is common. In Cornwall

> "Who whipped the hake?" cries the man of Zennor who would arouse the ire of one from St. Ives. In that dim era when legends were actualities hake sadly plagued the St. Ives mackerel fishers, so hoping to improve their conduct they whipped with little rods the largest they could catch and cast it back into the sea, thinking it would spread the news. Nestling under a jutting chalk headland is a village which perhaps finds fishing and catering for visitors less remunerative than its former trade of smuggling. Its neighbors tell a scandalous tale that when the hour of putting forth arrives its fishermen light a candle half way up the cliff; should the flame flicker, 'tis too windy to go to sea; should it burn steadily, then surely there is insufficient breeze to fill the sails.

How long will it take a similar legend to enshrine our rum-runners on the Great Lakes and our extensive seaboard? In England May is a month in which to act circumspectly, nor may clothes be washed on May Day, or brooms used before the month ends. In Devon Good Friday is a propitious day for planting potatoes, whereas in the north "no more unlucky day for the use of spade or hammer could be imagined." If we remember rightly, an old church at Portsmouth, N. H., fulfills an old bequest in distributing loaves of bread. England preserves numerous ancient charities:

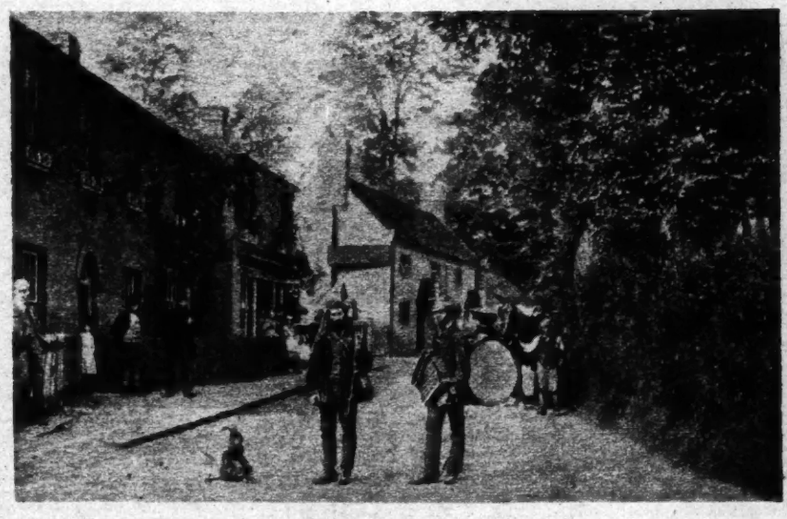
> Sums of money or bread or even articles of clothing are distributed at the church door or over the tomb of the benefactor at Christmas, Easter or other festival on the day of the saint to whom the church is dedicated or on the birth or death anniversary of the donor. Such are Lenten doles of bread and herrings at Dronfield, the Tichborne "dole, the Biddenden Cakes, Throwing for Maid's Money at Guilford and Forty Shilling Day at Wotton, near Dorking. Land left for the purpose often provides the necessary income, and the tenant may be determined in the old manner, as by candle auction at Tatsworth, Chard and Upwey or by drawing balls at Yarnton.

It is, however, in his fascinating chapter, "Old Time Customs and Folklore," that Mr. Pulbrook reminds us of our self-conscious efforts to recapture the past in pageantry. Rich as American life is in the component parts of a European heritage, only here and there are folksongs and dances preserved by our European elements. Perhaps only among our Southern Highlanders survive these English traditions regarding the elemental human affairs of birth, marriage and death. In England, during the Commonwealth, burial in woolen garments was enforced under a penalty of £5. The old registers are rich in remarks as to the astrological prospects of the infant or the character of the deceased. At birth a silver coin for luck is still pressed into the tiny hand. "In the dales of Yorkshire, custom prescribed * * * an egg signifying the necessities of life, a little salt [the luxuries], a silver coin [money or riches], and a match [to light the way to Heaven]":

> Marriage customs are many and various. * * *. Holding up the bridal party on its way from church is still sometimes practiced, a flower-decked rope barring the road until the bridegroom pays toll. The Dunmow Flitch is a reminder of old methods of rewarding wedded bliss. * * *. Superstitious rites connected with death linger in the byways; some will touch the corpse so that it shall not haunt their dreams, and probably the majority of bee-keepers tell the hives when a death occurs, sometimes draping them as well. Only very occasionally is a farmer borne to his last rest on his best wagon, and Abbots Ann, near Andover, is apparently the only place where a virgin's crown is carried before the coffin of a young girl.

Mummery still obtains to remind us of rural games and play. At Padstow in Cornwall a "most fearsome beast" prances the streets to music, while Minehead has its hobby-horse. Then there are the Morris dancers, or the staghorn dance of Abbots Bromley, the May Day dances at Chipping Campden and elsewhere. But Mr. Pulbrook's book is far too quotable; it should prove indispensable to our tourists in the future.

Beating the Bounds—St. Michael's, Oxford.



Village Entertainers at Taplow.

Seeing America On Pegasus

J. C. Squire's Impressions—Charles Vildrac's "Book of Love"

AMERICAN POEMS AND OTHERS. By J. C. Squire. 55 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

A BOOK OF LOVE. Translated by Witter Bynner from the French of Charles Vildrac. With an introductory note by Emile Verhaeren. 95 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

THE GOOD COMRADE AND FAIRIES. By Paul Scott Mowrer. 84 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

THE TRUMPETER OF THE DAWN AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred T. Story. 84 pp. London: Selwyn & Blount, Ltd.

THE manners and customs of Americans have long intrigued Englishmen occupied with the pursuit of letters, and the volumes of American "Impressions" and American "Notes" turned out as the fruit of their journeying to our shores would fill a good-sized shelf—perhaps, several shelves. These authors, however, almost invariably have reduced us to prose. But J. C. Squire, editor of The London Mercury, who recently sailed hither for the purpose of viewing these, our United States—perhaps because of that originality which is a characteristic of his genius, perhaps because he deemed us worthy of a nobler form of celebration—has broken away from the more pedestrian form of composition to record in verse our virtues and our vices, to eulogize in meter the natural phenomena with which the Creator endowed the country and the unnatural phenomena with which the architects have endowed our cities. To outward seeming, Mr. Squire traversed the States in a Pullman car; in reality, he was galloping hither and yon astride Pegasus. And the result is a blue-clad volume of "American Poems," to which are added several others not American.

If there is any one quality which, above others, distinguishes Mr. Squire's American poems it is friendliness. Moreover, as this friendliness is generally mixed with tolerant humor, the product is what a tobacconist would label a delightful blend. And the fact is that these little pieces should be taken much in the same spirit in which the after-dinner pipe or cigar is taken — for relaxation and enjoyment. Only in one poem, an overlong pronunciamento on the Chicago stockyards, does the poet attempt to speak ex cathedra. And the result is not impressive. So long as Western civilization elects, as a whole, to subsist largely on the flesh of beasts, it is a bit unfair to the city which (principally because of its geographical position) makes its belief business the slaughtering of animals for the market. There is no particularly valid reason why Chicago and the stockyards should lead to a vision of

> The faceless phantoms of Baal and Moloch.

This is not Squire at his best. In fact, it is sophomoric. It is the sort of gibe which the soap-box orator revels in. The only difference is that the Cicero of the soap-box usually selects Wall Street and not the stockyards for his target.

The real Squire, the Squire of friendliness and tolerance, makes his bow in the opening piece. This, called "Approaching America," written in stanzas of three couplets each, has the simplicity and the vigor which marks so much of the best of the latter-day Georgians. In it

> Solent and Staten Island, these
> Greet sisterly across the seas.
>
> And when the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan appear,
>
> Each up its slice of skyway goes,
> Windows in thousand chess-board rows;
> Pointed and lean and broad and blunt
> Behind the rusty water-front,
> In random rivalry they climb,
> The oddest pinnacles of Time.

The secret of Mr. Squire's American verses is not, however, in the form; nor does it lie in the closeness of observation, nor in their tolerance, nor their humor. All these go to produce their very pleasing effect. But the secret lies deeper. The English critic and satirist—for it is as critic and satirist that Squire is principally known—approached the United States with an open mind. He came in the spirit of adventure. He was his own Columbus, voyaging for discovery. He is

> Thrilled a new continent to know.

And he has the power, not so much to thrill the reader as to make the reader experience his own titillations. The ability to do this is none too common.

The remaining poems in the book, "Other Poems," as they are called in the title, are uneven in quality. At least one is most inferior. On the other hand, there is one that will take its place among the best of elegiac lyrics that English poetry has produced. Under the title "To a Roman" Squire has written about Catullus something that comes as near to having the manner and quality of the Latin epigrammatist himself as it is possible to reproduce that manner and quality in another age and another language. Intellectually suffused with emotion was the distinguishing trait of Catullus's verse; and this intellectuality suffused with emotion, with quiet emotion, is the distinguishing trait of Squire's elegy. Only in one respect has the English poet failed to profit by the example of his Roman master—Squire writes too much. His biography of Catullus is too complete. The Latin epigrammatic poet was master of the art of omission. But the opening stanzas, taken with the last two, make an English poem that is well-nigh perfect in its sphere. Squire's lines have all the economy combined with dignity that one will find in the Latin; and the Englishman also used the "pumice-stone" to effect.

> You died two thousand years ago, Catullus;
> Myriads since have walked the earth you knew
> All their long lives and faded into nothing,
> And still across the waste men think of you.
>
> You loved your Sirmio, and loved your brother;
> You gave a pitiless woman all your heart;
> You wrote for her, you mourned a sparrow for her,
> Served like a slave; and suffering made your art.
>
> Some fiery songs, a few soft elegies,
> Perfect—you said you used a pumice-stone;
> Coarse little squibs, a rosy song for a wedding,
> What else you did, it never will be known.
>
> A proud young man of fashion, whom a woman
> Played with and dropped; nothing remains beside;
> Only we know, about a certain year,
> You went away out of the glare, and died.
>
> And all your world died after, all all the towers
> Fell, and the temples moldered, and the games
> Left the great circus empty, and the dust
> Buried the Caesars, Senators and dames.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> A flower in a garden grew, Catullus;
> Some time you saw it, and the memory stayed,
> One flower of all the flowers you ever glanced at,
> A perfect thing of dew and radiance made:
> Emblem of youth, plucked, carried away and drooping,
> Out of the garden; emblem of your lot,
> Perplexed, bewildered, languishing, and alien
> Who was born to cherish all his world forgot.

Witter Bynner, who before now has proved his ability so to transmute foreign poetry into English that the flavor and flower of the original are preserved in a product which is also distinctly and distinguishingly English, has again given us a valuable specimen of his alchemy. This time it is the verse of the French poet Charles Vildrac whose "Livre d'Armour" Bynner translates under the title of "A Book of Love."

Vildrac, who wrote during the earlier years of the present century, was a lover in the larger sense of the word. His are not poems of passion, as one might conclude from the title. Vildrac's affection was all mankind; for all the works of mankind. With a glowing but peaceful ardor he loved also birds and flowers and the qualities of a good mind and little children and his drinks outside a boulevard café. He liked to watch a kitten at play, a running fountain, a man splitting wood. If the analogy is not carried too far, Vildrac is a modern Catullus; the most modern Latin in the modern world of Latin France. Vildrac is intensely human—and it is frequently the humanity of Catullus. It would not be exact to call his style epigrammatic; on the other hand, his lines show every bit as much economy as the more formal ones of the Roman. But it must not be gathered from this that Vildrac is not also sometimes highly colorful. He is; but the occasions are rare. He also can sketch powerful strokes when he chooses. Vildrac, for instance, can grasp imaginatively the experience of a drowning man—in a way no Roman could ever have grasped it.

> He acknowledged his appointed end. * * *
> He let himself be borne by the dark fury of the water,
> Which heaved him high on the point of its surge,
> Then plunged him dimly
> To the foot of its deep and moving walls.
> Huge waves came by
> Charging like rams,
> Tossing his body
> On their lowered heads and horns.

Vildrac is a poet among poets. Excerpts, with the exception of such a one as that given above, would do him injustice. His poems are so delicate that lines cannot be torn out without destroying the gossamer which is everything and all. It is iridescent gossamer. But separate the threads and the light vanishes. You cannot catch him and hold him any more than you can catch and hold the rays of the sun or the flash of a butterfly's wing. You cannot preserve Vildrac any more than you can preserve the perfume of a flower. These two or three stanzas from a poem on himself perhaps reveal something of the man, but they give only an inadequate portrait of the poet. And it is violence to abstract them.

> I had come home late and alone to my room
> From bidding my new friend: good-bye;
> I was echoing full of laughter and cries,
> New voices and first interviews.
>
> All the bounty taken
> With ears, with eyes,
> All the loot, all the profit,
> Sang through me like wine.
>
> That is why I walked about,
> Talking to myself with gestures,
> Laughing softly, rubbing my hands,
> Skipping around my fastened room.
>
> The red rug, the white walls,
> And the vivid light above me,
> Hermetically sealed,
> A fervent solitude.

Mr. Bynner, it is understood, worked many years translating these poems. He has done us a great service in bringing Vildrac to us so habilitated. And if America comes through this book, to appreciate Vildrac the translator will but receive the reward to which his labors entitle him.

No reader will doubt the poetic impulses of Paul Scott Mowrer as developed in his book called "The Good Comrade and Fairies." Mr. Mowrer lives an imaginative life with elves for playfellows. They are his boon companions and good comrades. For him inanimate nature is a living, pulsating being. For the reader who can get into the spirit of Mr. Mowrer's verses the flowers not only exhale perfume and glow with color, they also dance and skip about. And the trees and the little blades of grass sing. And it would not be true to say that the poet himself has failed to grow up because of all this. The flowers and the trees and the elves do not talk in syllogisms, but they are far from lacking in sagaciousness. Mowrer is athirst for beauty, and for him beauty is to be found only where nature and not man holds sway.

> I who thirst for joy as a tree for dewfall,
> Turn my face away from the screaming city;
> Yonder, where the rivulet runs in music
> Beauty is dwelling.
> Who will praise the grass or applaud the mosses
> If I go not hence to the place of beauty?
> Who will quaff slow delight at the pools of quiet?
> Who see fairies?
> Or again:
> Moonlight must have split upon the bed
> Where I was born;
> For all about the edges of the world
> I go and ask of feather and fur and scale:
> "What have you seen?"
> And I call after every fairy piper,
> "Have you seen, oh, have you seen
> The dream I seek?"

Of course, one might quarrel with this poet for not seeking a more robust muse. But to do so would be wide of the mark. To every poet his own domain. Mowrer's is fairyland. And though it is true that Mowrer does not have, when singing of fairies and elves, the lilt of the Irish singers in the same field, he has charm and felicity of phrase. A more serious charge is that when he seeks to link his fairyland with the land of reality he does not generally succeed. Especially does he fail when he attempts to turn his elfin poems to love poems. He is artificial here. He fails to make an amalgamation; he does not transcend his material, and the result is that these poems—and there are many—break at the point of transition. In consequence Mowrer is far too often a poet of excellent beginnings and unfortunate endings. The charm of the work as a whole is, however, undeniable. "The Good Comrade and Fairies" is far from great poetry, but it is very pleasing verse.

To conclude with another poet of undoubted sincerity of mood, if not of the highest achievement when considered critically, Alfred T. Story comes before us with his slender book "The Trumpeter of Dawn." Mr. Story is an English writer of religious poetry, and is known as the author of "Christ in London, and Other Poems," and "The Northern Cross." Mr. Story not infrequently strikes the Wordsworthian note, but with less ringing sound. Unlike Mowrer, who is a pantheist, if he is a philosopher at all, Story is a monist. For him nature is animate. But Story is Christian, whereas Mowrer is frankly pagan. Mr. Story's poems are too long to quote in full, and excerpts would do him an injustice. Mr. Story lacks poetic fervor. But many will find in his lines not a little of the reconciling and consoling power which should be the function of religious poetry.

Charles Vildrac.

Militarism on the Chess-Board

FIELD BOOK OF CHESS GENERALSHIP. Grand Operations. By Franklin K. Young. 244 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SINCE their first appearance some twenty years ago the books of this author have been classed among the many curiosities of chess literature. This new volume, however, might be given a little, a very little, more consideration than its predecessors.

The introduction by A. B. Hodges, former American champion, is an attractive light essay on chess; there are several interesting games played by Hodges, with notes, and scattered through the book are two-score triumphs of the author. And as, in serious mood, we turn the pages, again and again we are surprised by the appearance, under separate headings, of a story, a "humorous anecdote."

Of course, the most important, the unique, characteristic of any chess book by Mr. Young is the terminology of his criticism. He is obsessed by the military aspects of the game, and he borrows from the writers on warfare a vocabulary that here seems misplaced, bizarre, a useless affectation. For example, take Mr. Young's game with Pillsbury, the author playing the white pieces in a Ruy Lopez. After white's ninth move we read:

> White forms the Right Major Front Refused and Echeloned by the Left. The military adept will notice that this is the identical formation employed by Frederick the Great at the Battle of Leuthen.

Pillsbury was one of the greatest chess players that ever lived, but he could not be expected to stand off Frederick the Great, who checkmates him on the sixteenth move and thus comments on the result:

> The Grand Manoeuvre 1 by the Right, initiated by the capture of St. Mihiel and completed by the advance through the Argonne * * * executed by the army of the United States under General Pershing, is one of the most difficult, decisive and scientific examples of this process in the annals of warfare.

There may be a few chess amateurs who can find profit in this sort of thing, but most students will prefer to read the treatises of Capablanca, Mason and Edward Lasker. There are many collectors of chess books, however, who will not overlook Mr. Young's latest, for it is an entertaining oddity, if nothing more.

Honorable Company of Pilots

The Picked Men That Bring the Big Ships Up the Bay

By M. B. LEVICK

THE mere name of Whitehall Street has a smack of the sea that would be recognized in any port of the land. At the foot of this street the converging elevated lines prosaically empty commuters into the second story of the Staten Island ferry building: it is a floor with attributes no more marine than news stands and soda fountains. Go a story higher, however, and down a long, dark corridor, past the offices of importers and adjusters of compasses, the light shines through a transom on which is painted in large squarish letters: "Pilots." Here are the headquarters of the little company of men, veterans for the most part, through whose skilled hands passes year by year something like half the total exports and imports of the United States.

There are 124 of them in all in the two groups, New York and New Jersey, which comprise the Sandy Hook pilots, and probably the whole world round there is no other body more like the solid old guilds of the Elizabethan era.

The craft is passed from father to son; a third of them can be counted in family groups. Bluff men but rounded in human experience; reticent of their work yet taking hazards as routine even in this age of steam. They form a corps which has a spirit of its own and ethics and traditions that reach back to the days of the Dutch. They have their honor roll of 60 men lost and 36 pilot boats rammed or wrecked (a rolls that extends to today), and they have pride of skill.

It takes longer to make a Sandy Hook pilot than to make a lawyer or a physician: the apprentice period is ten years, and after that come four years more of progressive rank as deputy pilots—for vessels of 18-foot draft, then 24 and 28—before the final stage is reached, that of branch pilot. The word itself savors of the past and its origin is forgotten in the four centuries of England's Trinity House.

Despite the long apprenticeship—and an accident adds a year's extension to a grade—there is no lack of applicants. They are picked from among all sorts of likely lads, in offices and shops and on the vessels of the bay, and though during the ten years of training the watch is twenty-four hours a day, with little shore leave, and the pay from $15 to $40 a month, there is always a waiting list, and sometimes youths wait five years for the chance to begin. Often enough, in the end, they wait again for a dead man's boots.

Among the oldsters are plenty whose service goes back forty years or fifty. Nowadays two stout, swift steam pilot boats lie near the Ambrose Lightship, but the memory is still fresh of schooner days, when the fleet of pilot boats numbered thirty. Then they often cruised 700 miles off port, as far as the Grand Banks, to pick up ships, and men who were cronies ashore said "Devil take the hindmost!" when it came to a race for an inbound vessel.

Close shaves there were then. There are close shaves now. Only last March two yawls, each with a pilot and two apprentices, capsized in a single day. Accidents such as that have accounted for many of those lost in other years. Steam itself has its perils. The steam pilot boat New Jersey, second in commission, was rammed in a fog and sunk by a fruit steamer in 1914. That time all hands were saved.

Sometimes the rescuing is the other way around. In recent years there have been several instances. In 1911 a sloop was in distress when Frank Cramer, a pilot, boarded her to help. The gale tore away her mainsail and was driving the sloop on Sandy Hook beach, both anchors having gone by the board, when the pilot boat New York lent a hand, taking off Cramer and the sloop's small crew. Not long before that the New York saved the Captain and five of the crew from the steamer Dagestan, sinking as the result of a collision.

And these are but single incidents from the long chapter.

Times have changed in the forty years since the veterans of today got their licenses. In those early days nine-tenths of the vessels putting into New York were sailing ships. Today the arrival of a sailor is talked of for a month.

Whether bark, tanker or Atlantic liner, it's much the same to the pilot (except for the fees) and his chief concern is that she be docile to the helm and that there be a quartermaster aboard who knows his work—a wish fulfilled less and less in these decadent seafaring times.

The charts of harbors are speckled with little figures: the sounding marks. In his apprenticeship, cruising on the auxiliary Trenton (she carries sail and is pilot boat No. 8), or working in the crew of the other pilot boats and sometimes helping on a steamer—in all this work the young pilot studies the soundings day by day till at last when he looks from the bridge he sees not the flat surface of the water but the topographical map of the harbor's bottom, with all its hillocks, swales, cliffs and jutting rocks. The vessel in his care may berth below the Statue; she may carry sugar or lumber or asphalt for Peekskill or Poughkeepsie. Whatever it be, there are the multitudes of little depth figures and if the pilot closes his eyes he can see them.

That is only the beginning. He must be able to handle square rig or fore and aft like a shipmaster, must know or sense the power in a turn of the propeller. The tide tables are in his head. The tide may run three knots an hour; it may press a jam of ice against the flank of the vessel after having swept his guiding buoy away. How strong is the freshet in the Spring? The ship answers the helm slowly: how much must be allowed for the deflection of tide by Brooklyn Bridge, where New York's projecting shore plays tricks?

These are problems that make the work like a game of billiards for life and death. The artillerist, with his tables of trajectories, can fire again if he misses: the pilot gets just one shot. And he does his work in a maze that would daunt a traffic policeman. The worst part of the bay is from the Statue up, less from tides than because of the congestion.

The offshore seaman pretends to look down on the men of coastal waters. The pilot does not have to use a sextant (he could if he had to). He gets his sights by marks ashore: the Times Building, in such and such a line, tells him his position. But the pilot's work lies at the most ticklish end of ship handling. He has no open spaces to help him: whether fair weather or a blizzard, his work lies close to tricky shores and often in the fog with other ships as close as trees in a forest.

The landsman learns of such things from books. There is, for instance, the passage from "Life on the Mississippi" (the book is in the library of the Pilots' Club), in which Mark Twain quotes a Mississippi pilot:

"'It was in the night there and I ran it the way one of the boys on the Diana told me; started out about fifty yards above the woodpile on the false point, and held on the cabin under Plum Point till I raised the reef—quarter less twain—then straightened up for the middle bar till I got well abreast the old one-limbed cottonwood in the bend, then got my stern on the cottonwood, and head on the low place above the point, and came through a-booming—nine and a half.'"

The Mississippi is not New York's engineered harbor, but substitute THE TIMES building for the one-limbed cottonwood and the Woolworth building for the cabin, and it comes to a good deal the same thing.

There is another book in which Joseph Conrad speaks as a seaman. He is telling how, from a Sydney quay with a pilot friend at his side, he watched a mail steamer; the vessel stops a hundred feet from a quay of mighty piles:

"Then her engines were rung on slow ahead, and immediately rung off again. The propeller made just about five turns, I should say. She began to move, stealing on, so to speak, without a ripple; coming alongside with the utmost gentleness. I went on looking her over, very much interested, but the man with me, the pilot, muttered under his breath: 'Too much, too much.' * * * There was a faint concussion of the ground under our feet, a groaning of piles, a snapping of great iron bolts, and with a sound of ripping and splintering, as when a tree is blown down by the wind, a great, strong piece of wood, a bulk of squared timber, was displaced several feet as if my enchantment."

And the pilot said to Conrad: "You would not have thought she would have cracked an egg—eh?"

The master of a ship is responsible still when the pilot comes aboard, but he lets the pilot alone. There have been hearings into collisions in which the Captain said: "I was master and was responsible," to which the pilot has interposed: "Nominally, but if there is any blame, it is mine."

Nine out of ten steamers, including most of the big liners, are docked by their Captains, the pilot merely taking them to the piers. In Winter the newspaper reader sees pictures of big ships arriving with ice a foot thick over decks, house and sticks, and his mind harks to the North Atlantic. It is not often he thinks of the pilot scrambling aboard, perhaps at night.

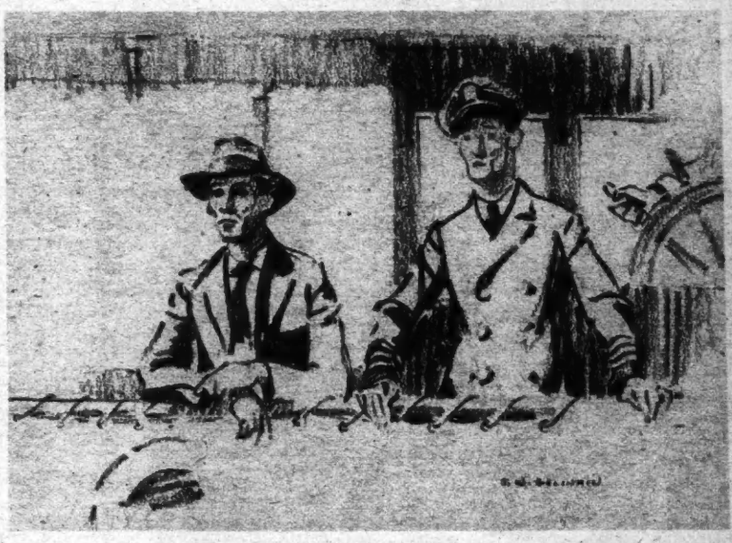
He may if he has been abroad. The taking on of the pilot is an event; even the champion crosser of the Atlantic, with 110 voyages to his credit, admitted that he would not miss it for anything. And passengers still make pools on the pilot. Is it to be a red-bearded pilot? A bald head? Will he put his left foot on deck first or his right? The betors cry, "Left foot, Captain!" "Right foot, right foot!" as he steps over the side. The pilot is a personage.

Getting aboard today is not much different than it was in slower times when sailors sang chanties. It is harder, often enough. The big steamer glides by, with engines reversed for only a moment, and the sixteen-foot yawl from the pilot boat bobs under her side. Perhaps it is night and the pilot boat's searchlight makes a disk on the liner's freeboard. The monkey ladder swings out as the liner rolls: the pilot grabs it. Another line, thrown from deck, takes his bag of newspapers and oilskins (hoooh bag in today's terms: the waterfront will have its little joke). Then, perhaps in an icy spindrift, the pilot climbs, holding tight when the roll of the ship flings him against the steel sides. It may sound like sport: let the mature man who thinks so try to scale a rope ladder from the top of a three or four story building, and he will see what it is without having to imagine the lack of stability in a steamer.

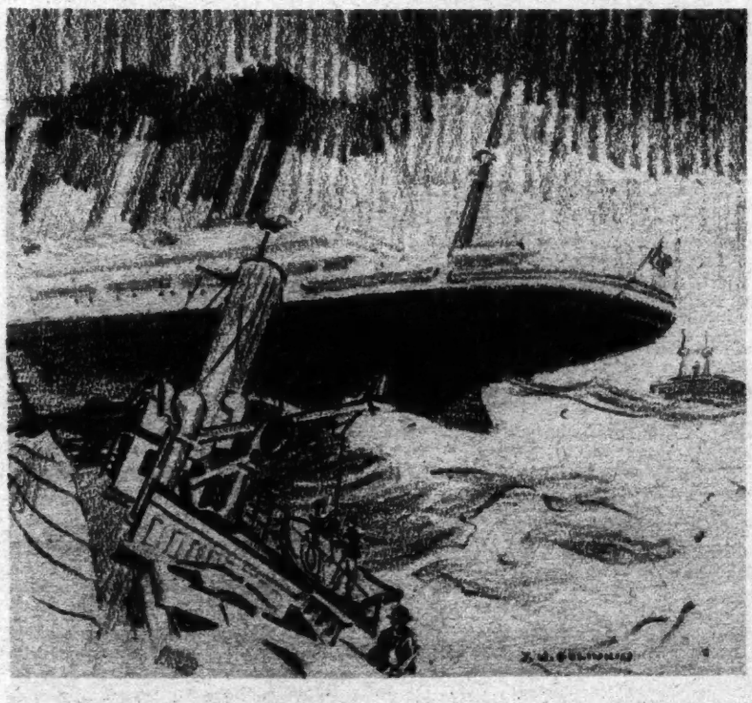
The list of pilots meeting death on duty shows a surprising number of victims of heart disease. There are five since 1895—Gideon Mapes, John J. Canvin, Thomas F. Murphy, Gustave Tenneson and William C. Hall. The work tells on a man. At least one succumbed just as he stepped over the rail and held out his hand to the Captain.

The ladder itself has real danger. James Van Pelt slipped while boarding a tank ship in a gale in 1915 and perished. He was one of a distinguished family of pilots. His father, Howard Van Pelt, was killed in 1878 by a snapping hawser. A cousin of the latter is Frank P. Van Pelt, now President of the New York Sandy Hook Pilots' Association and Chairman of the Joint Executive Committee of the New York and New Jersey associations. Frank Van Pelt's father was Augustus Van Pelt, licensed as a pilot in 1841, four years after the State took jurisdiction over the pilots. A brother-in-

(Continued on Page 28)

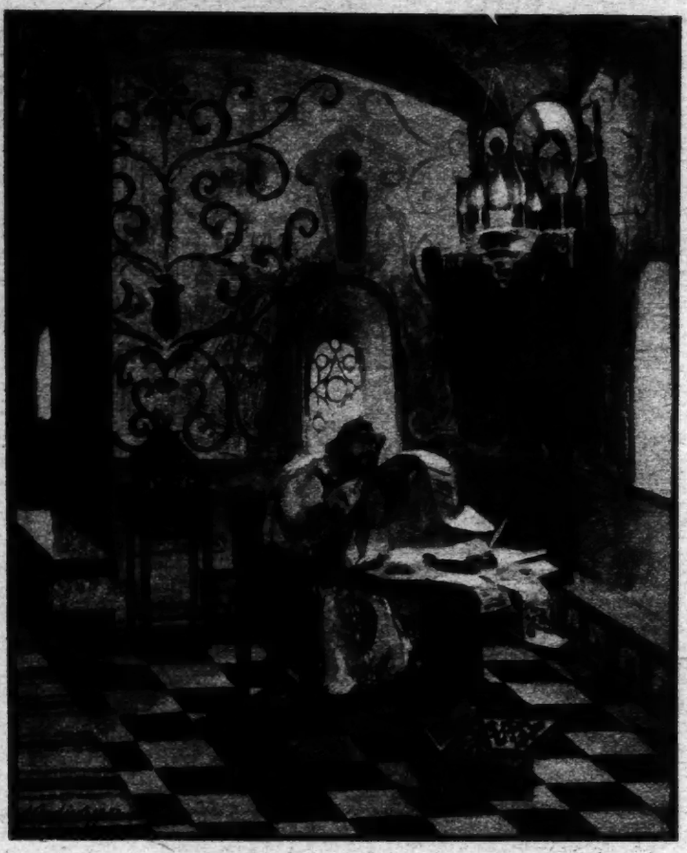


"The master of the ship is responsible, still when the pilot comes aboard he lets the pilot alone."



"Watch your chance and throw her in."—Ready to Put the Pilot Aboard the Majestic.

THE WORLD OF ART: *Sanity and Stage Scenery*



Scene From "Tsar Fyodor." Copied, From the Kremlin.

By H. I. BROCK

THE time has come to remind ourselves—against an oncoming new season of the drama—that even for the scenic artist, the play is still the thing. Scenery in the theatre is designed—and should be permitted and encouraged—not as an independent artistic expression, but as an aid to the illusion of the play. Properly it has no other purpose or pretext, and a stage setting is good exactly in proportion to its success in lending illusion — creating atmosphere, as they say.

The means is secondary. The arrival through the means at the end is the only test. Realism, impressionism, symbolism, expressionism, the new art of nothing much at all, or antique abundant stage carpentry—each is equally useless unless the trick is turned.

Of late our metropolitan stages have more and more been set by well advertised persons prodigiously self-conscious of an art which must not be denied. This art—whatever else it does or doesn't—has utterly refused to hold the mirror up to nature or to man-made familiar fact. The facsimile of the actual had, to be sure, so cluttered up the stage as these men found it that they have had, even for their extravagances and affectations, a colorable excuse and a certain welcome. But it is not to be blinked that, equally with the facsimilists of the actual, their imaginative supplanters have, in the concern with the means, managed too frequently to miss the end.

Their art has been for its own art's sake—or that art's reclame in public print. And just as before, we who sat in front could not see the mimic scene for the carpentry and the cabinetwork, so of late we have been inordinately distracted from the action and conversation of the characters by the effort of solving the puzzle of the stage picture. It puts a severe strain upon an undisciplined imagination to try (as it were) to infer a complete mastodon out of the concrete jawbone of an artistic ass.

Diligent and erudite delvers have made it plain to all of us that Shakespeare, who had so little Latin and so much less Greek, used scant allowance of scenic gear at the Blackfriars or the Globe in Southwark. Presumably, however (from the still reverberating echoes of Elizabethan applause and Jacobean laughter), he made that little count—as on the wordy side of his art he made the uttermost of every classic syllable. The Greeks also (it is known and advertised) used a certain parsimony of stage furniture—and made up for it with the powerful line and the painted mask.

Much later the polite interior dramatists of Sheridan's school for scandal and pretty wit encouraged the prevalence of period furniture (furniture of their own period, it was), and upon that beginning was builded cumulatively all the stage art of Sir Henry Irving, Sir Herbert Tree and our own David Belasco. To such point all this arrived that even the fourth wall was at last grudgingly omitted from the perfect pattern of a perfectly appointed room that the stage had come to be. It really seemed that the audience might have to be contented with looking through a life-sized latticed casement—or at the most generous, through a wide, French window with practicable solid wooden shutters considerately left open.

Sir Herbert Tree, an enthusiastic showman if not always a superlative actor, was meticulous in the article of what is called realistic detail. For his "Henry VIII." the velvets in which Queen Catherine's Court was tricked out and trussed up were so heavy that poor little play-acting maids of honor almost fainted with the weight of the imposed magnificence. In the banquet scene where Henry's maskers burst in upon the Cardinal's revels at Hampton Court there was a dish of fruit which had to be just so and precisely of such oranges and pomegranates composed.

Tree had also an eye for color—an exigent eye. I have known him change a bit of brocade flung with seeming carelessness over a gilded chair for another and then another and then another rich pattern and shade, and hold up a rehearsal of all the company for half a day while he had the shops ransacked for what only filled his eye's fine fancy.

When one of David Belasco's actors is supposed to knock at an outer door well off stage and, with a rolling sea-legged gait, proceed up a passage to the true copy of a practicable door that gives upon the visible scene, there is, in fact, such another door, equally practicable and furnished with a brass knocker. Preposterously unsupported by a wall, it stands there in the wings, though it is (and must remain) quite invisible to you who sit in front. At the door the actor does, in fact, knock. I have seen it done—most particularly.

Whether the precise pattern and color of Sir Herbert's bit of brocade were or were not essential to the right picture, whether or not that invisible real door to knock upon at just the prescribed distance was indispensable to the right auditory effect, is, in each instance, a question which invites argument. What is not a question—because it is a fact—is that in each case the illusion was accomplished. You may object to the literal elaboration of the mechanical means. It remains that Tree and Belasco did the trick.

So did George Hazelton and Benrimo with their courageous and fantastic borrowings of Chinese theatrical devices in the unforgotten "Yellow Jacket." So has many another producer of plays done it with very little conscious art beyond that of the stage carpenter and house furnisher. So did Lee Simonson for the Theatre Guild most self-consciously do it in one memorable scene of a detestable German play done by them more than a year ago—and called "From Morn Till Midnight." This piece presented in that one scene extraordinarily the impression of a bicycle race before a throng of excited people. Yet there was no race or shadow of a race upon a sheet. All you saw upon a dark stage was a rude scaffold, bunting draped, mounted on which were raucous young men in evening clothes using megaphones.

Expressionism, they called it—a thing made, like so much else mechanically efficient, in Germany. Illusion it was—like the motion of the famous love boat in "The Yellow Jacket"—that was no boat at all—like the oak-paneled solidity of Belasco's libraries and the bright, warm sunlight upon his seaward-looking terraces.

Robert Edmond Jones did it in that longshoreman's bar in "Anna Christie," which reeked of beer suds and sea clothes, and in the scene upon the fog-bound barge in the same play, lately so successfully revived in London. It is doubtful if Pauline Lord's famous "whisky voice," so much and justly praised, would have been known quite for what it so perfectly was if that bar had been less convincing. There was realism, if you will, the selective realism of the true artist.

Jones had turned the trick before in staging "The Jest" for Arthur Hopkins. And there was no realism, only the rich color of old romance which for us is only to be got out of pictures and picture books and memories conjured up out of our reading. It is a magic tapestry contrived of rare old words and bits of antique gear. That again was an artist's triumph to transport us to a rude, romantical and tragical never-never land. But Robert Edmond Jones did not turn the trick with his high-soaring arch that tried to be the ghost-walk at Elsinore, the place of Ophelia's mad singing, and the churchyard of poor Yorick and the maid's maimed burial. It might serve, if you had a mind to make it—knowing your Hamlet. But it did not help.

No more did Lee Simonson do it—this thing it was his only right business to do—with his "Peer Gynt" for the Theatre Guild. The stage of Ibsen's fantasy was furnished with new-art painted playthings out of a German toy factory. Peer Gynt is of the kin of Peter Pan as well as of the Fauns. But he has nothing to do with dolls' houses.

In staging "He Who Gets Slapped" a reasonable approach to old-fashioned so-called realism served this same stage designer much better—served his author and his audience much better. What appeared upon the scene of Andreyev's sardonical and love-sick piece was what might very well have been found behind the canvas flap of any circus—homely literal objects like the broken chair to contrast with the tights and tinsel and the manager's rakishly disposed top hat. In was an ingeniously adapted setting—though this play relied for atmosphere, after all, more particularly upon the damnable reiteration of that waltz tune which began to play whenever the girl and her bareback rider went off to do their turn before the imagined spectators. Much may be done to ally the ear to the eye toward the dream state—which is the illusion.

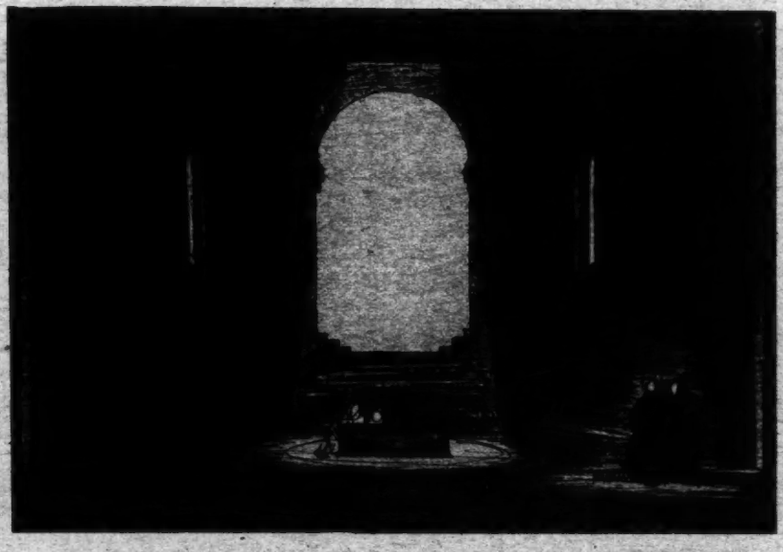
The like trick was used in the anthill episode of "The Insect Comedy" of the Brothers Capek, done by Simonson for William A. Brady. There a very dramatic and simplified setting of the expressionist type—a suggestion of factory chimneys—might or might not have got its full intended effect unaided. But the metallic noise of clanking and milling that ran relentlessly through it all induced a sense of feverish driving and, being driven, that extraordinarily turned the audience to the action.

In Shaw's "Devil's Disciple" again Mr. Simonson had his eyes on the play rather than on the stunts of his specialty. He did a very good job and borrowed the realist's thunder with restraint and discretion. It was not different with Miss Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare," where Norman-Bel Geddes so handsomely with his scenery assisted the spacious Elizabethan illusion. To be sure, he was scolded for leaving off the roof of Anne Hathaway's cottage, but possibly that was in order to save the view of the action for the gallery.

On the other hand, Geddes in the Players Club's recent brief and delectable revival of "The School for Scandal," used along with a connoisseur's selective realism in chairs and sofas some curious and unexpected tall folding-screen combinations—an arrangement of flats like palisades or a very lofty set of palings—and got excellent effects. This where the literal realism of the three walls of the period-furnished room might have been regarded as safe from the most audacious innovator.

Innovation is not a thing we grow wild in this country. We prefer to import it. And notoriously all the artful influences that have upset the reign of the facsimile stage-set in America have come to us from abroad, whence come to us, in fact, most influences of an artful nature. The Russians, through Bakst and the ballet and eventually Balieff, have accustomed us to a license of crude color and bizarre form. Harley Granville Barker had tried to do something like it earlier with the solid gold fairies of his "Midsummer Night's Dream"—an early experiment in self-conscious stage setting for its own art's sake and in spite of the art of the play. Also there had been "Sumurun" from Germany to give us a hint of what could be done with colors on flat surfaces.

Besides, sundry economical artists on tour had disseminated in selected circles (predominantly feminine) in



Scene for John Barrymore's "Hamlet," Designed by Robert Edmond Jones.

Barge Scene From "Anna Christie," Setting by Robert Edmond Jones.

the provinces a sort of cult of dull velvet hangings and very little else but declamation. To do them mere justice, some of the touring artists were good actors as well as good economists and their hangings served very well. At least they hurt the illusion as little as they helped it. And there were Ben Greet and the Coburns who affected academic groves—played the college campuses—and used the greensward and the shrubbery where others had employed the proscenium, the flies and the flats.

But through all this—and in spite of all these—the school of Irving, of Tree and of Belasco substantially—very substantially—held its own. Held it till very recently. Then came the deluge. The grotesque, the affected and the geometrical descended upon us out of Germany, and the last year saw our more promising scenic artists experimenting with what they called expressionism. The Germans had staged Shakespeare on steps like Babylonian pyramids—and done it very well. Therefore all our stages must be transformed into staircases.

Then came along the Moscow Art Theatre—professors of perfection in both atmosphere and action. Their players appeared first in the barbaric Russian setting of "Tsar Fyodor"—a Russian Hamlet and Richard III. in one. Having seen "Boris Godunov" at the opera, the Diaghileff Ballet and the Chauve Souris, we were measurably prepared for the Czar's palace, which Stanislavsky's artist borrowed bodily from the Kremlin. Richly arabesqued and crudely colored, it flaunted itself before our Western eyes. The illusion was almost miraculous. It hardly occurred to us that all this splendor of a semi-Oriental Court was, in truth, realism—historic realism. It was, in fact, a true copy of the twelfth century original, even to the low ceilings and the doors that a tall man must bow to pass. Then came "The Cherry Orchard," done by the same players.

Quite obviously that was realism. And one of the comments was that these imported professors of exalted art had dared to give us what in New York had been relegated to fourth-rate playhouses in the Bowery or Grand Street. Apparently eyes still dazzled by the glitter and exotic splendor of "Tsar Fyodor" were blind to the faded color of decayed gentility. For that is the atmosphere and the color and the mood of "The Cherry Orchard." The concrete expression of this mood is the lofty room of the first act and the last of Chekhov's play of ruined Russian country gentlefolk. That room with all its tall windows, its yellowed and marred white painted woodwork, its discolored walls with dingy, dreadful pictures in oval frames, its miscellaneous clutter of furniture good and bad, real and makeshift—all its general air being carelessly lived in—that room might have been in any old country house of run-down aristocracy anywhere. It might have stood in Virginia or Kentucky or Carolina just as well as in Russia. The big porcelain stove supplies the one distinctive alien and Russian note.

Literally real to Russia, all of it may have been, atmospheric to the mood of the play, magical for the illusion it must have been. To me it called up vividly the vision of just such another old house of just such another broken family—only it happened to be a real house and a real family in Virginia. Another who looked upon this staged dilapidation was transported to the land of Blue Grass to another seat of a spacious life starved and decayed—again a real house of real people. Yet another knew just such a living room in a sometime slave-holding State west of the Mississippi.

No one of us had any first-hand knowledge of Russia—a remote and alien region of Czars and serfs read about in books and autocrats of the Soviet read about in newspapers. No one of us had a word of Russian language. Yet in each was induced the mood of the play and the intimacy of the place and the people. Because of what was real in the realism of that scenery.

In essential things—mere details about which the scenic artist of the Bowery theatre would have known nothing and cared less—there had been that infinite taking of pains which gives the effect of genius, if it isn't the thing itself. The color of use, abuse and neglect, the air of outlived comfort—"reduced circumstances" of supply and attendance—all these had been studied and artfully reproduced. Even the young sparse cherry seedlings outside the living room window, that were innocently remarked upon as bad realism, furnished, in fact, a touch of meticulous verisimilitude. For only neglect in a place on such a great scale would allow the orchard to grow raggedly up to the very windows at the expense of lawn and flower beds. At least it would be so in England or Virginia.

The point—insinuated by this qualification—is not the authenticity of the realism. It is the effect of what of realism is used—the illusion. And in the Art Theatre's "Cherry Orchard" the illusion of this indoor scene is as complete as the illusion of the play. If for some of us the illusion was not so complete in the other two settings—the drawing room and the outdoor scene—that might be because of details of realism too purely Russian. The play has already become so present and familiar that these differentiating Russian details might actually appear as alien to it as to us.

Another Chekhov play, "The Three Sisters," as presented by the Moscovite artists, offered to our view a Russian background as exotic in its homely way as "Tsar Fyodor" in its grand style. Not many of us have lived close enough to the sewer level to be quite sure whether the realism of the cellar lodging of Gorky's "Lower Depths" presents literal fact or an instructed imagination of the sordid. Not less in both these cases, however, is the atmosphere created—the illusion aided. It is so notwithstanding that for the average American among the onlookers the most authentic details of the background might be as imaginary as those of the "Blue Bird" or of the bridal ship in the first act of the Metropolitan's "Tristan and Isolde."

Theoretical and practical realists, therefore, as they are, the Russians serve not to convert us to any abandoned realism of ours. They furnish no argument for the facsimile of the actual as intrinsically better than the symbolic, the suggestive, the expressionist stage. But they do remind us in this part of their art, as in that other part, of acting, of the art's main concern. Which is the play—that is to say, the illusion. They get it. Their methods of getting it seemed to some deplorably old fashioned. Well, some of our old-fashioned producers also get the illusion. And some of our new-fangled artists at the game—some of the most considered of them—do often most signally with all their sophistication and all their art fail to get it.

When they do fail it usually appears that they have been more concerned in fitting the play to a theory of representation or exploiting a pet private scheme of decoration than in fitting a stage dress to the play. That was what happened when Jones attempted to drape "Hamlet" about one tall arch and "Romeo and Juliet" about three tall arches. Shakespeare is not the sort of stuff to use for hangings on anybody's fancy architecture. Also that was what happened to Simonson's "Peer Gynt." Peer Gynt could not be made to live cabined in a German doll's house.

Scene From "He Who Gets Slapped." Setting by Lee Simonson.

Railway Bridge Scene From "Liliom." Setting by Lee Simonson.

Photo by Francis Bruguière.

It was what did not happen to Miss Cowl's "Romeo and Juliet." In spite of the indulgence there also of certain purely artistic fancies, these fancies were subordinated to the purpose of the play. Miss Cowl saw to that for Juliet's sake—a very lovely Juliet as all agree. It was equally what did not happen to "Six Characters in Search of an Author" as locally staged by Brock Pemberton. And this in spite of the projection of a fantastic plot against a severely literal background. One may also recall with a peculiar vividness of recollected keen impression the railway embankment scene with which Simonson furnished an act of "Liliom." That showed eloquently enough what realism could do toward creating atmosphere—provided the realism were rightly chosen.

What seems to come out of it all—if anything comes out of it—is that for the artist of stage settings the straightest line to his goal is a selective and restrained realism. He may combine that realism with as much conscious art as he pleases provided he does not destroy what the realism alone provides—the infinite power of suggestion and the magic of emotional association in familiar trifles.

Poet of German Class Struggle

Strange Career of Ernst Toller, Who Writes His Plays in a Military Prison

By K. E. RICHTER

BEHIND the bars of a cell in the political prison of Niederschönenfeld peer forth two burning eyes, set in a long, pale, emaciated face. They betray the inherent forces of a strong personality akin to a fanatic. One involuntarily feels that here is a man with a mission—real or imaginary—and filled with the determination to carry the gospel of his mission into every hamlet and hovel of the land, with or without the consent of those whose salvation is to be effected. What is the mission which fills the heart of this remarkable man, who, although but 29 years of age, has exerted such tremendous influence in the political life of Germany ever since his twenty-fifth year, yet abhorring politics and disclaiming the methods and modus operandi of politicians?

A spirit, never before experienced, born in the turbulent times of the social revolution, prevails throughout the present-day literature of Germany. The seething whirlpool raging in the breasts of millions breaks forth from individuals in passionate outbursts and exuberances of protest against the existing order of society, that has brought about present conditions. This primordial force seeks and finds expression in prose and poetry, and in this struggle for expression it is frequently not extraordinarily selective in form and diction. Occasionally this spirit does not hesitate to use primitive words and phrases that often border on vulgarity.

But for all that one must admire the power evidenced by the works of these ultramodernists, such as Dehmel, Wassermann, Frits von Unruh, Wildgans and—the youngest of all "New Germany"—Ernst Toller.

Ernst Toller, born Dec. 1, 1893, became a revolutionary not by temperament nor environment, but by conviction. His father, a merchant in the small town of Samotschin, near Bromberg, Province of Posen, was blessed with a fair degree of success, leaving his family not in affluence, but at least in very comfortable circumstances, permitting the boy, who was then but 16 years old, to finish his studies in the "Gymnasium" three years later (1912), in his nineteenth year. The next two years were spent in university studies at Grenoble, followed by travel, bringing him to Denmark, France and Italy. End of July, 1914, on his way to Paris, he reached Lyons on the fateful day July 31. Disturbed by the threatening political situation, he sought advice of the German Consul, who assured him that there were no possibilities of a war between Germany and France, and advised him to continue his journey to Paris. The very next day, Aug. 1, French papers openly discussed the impending war with Germany, which induced Toller to leave Lyons for Geneva. Twice arrested on this trip and twice released, he was one of the last to reach Swiss soil before the boundary between the two countries was closed. Without delay, and convinced that it was his duty toward his country, he enlisted in Munich. The thirteen months of service in the ranks and in the trenches, the terrifying experiences of wholesale murder, the blood-curdling horror felt on seeing the pitiful mutilation of human bodies by shells and shrapnel, the fields covered with dead, friend and foe side by side, all these experiences filled his heart with abhorrence against war and its concomitant orgies of hatred, vilification and animosities.

When discharged as disabled, he studied at Munich, however, constantly thinking and planning how to terminate this mutual butchery.

He was attracted to socialistic circles in the hope of finding kindred spirits, men imbued with the same longing to help their brethren. In his desire to know more about socialistic philosophy he attended meetings and conventions of that political party. In 1917 he matriculated at Heidelberg University, again frequenting gatherings of men with radical tendencies and views. It was here that he became a real leader of German youth. His circle of friends realised that at "the present status of political affairs nothing can be attained by discussion alone." Hence, Toller issued a pronunciamento to all who were sick at heart of endless, futile warfare, and thus he laid the foundation for a political league, whose fantastic, Utopian ideals were and still are: to unite the phalanx of the German revolutionary youth with that of the English and French revolutionary youth, and by so doing to end war and create a universal international (or supernational) community of nations.

This platform appealed to many in Germany, local units were organised at other universities and in non-collegiate cities, although strongly antagonized by nationalistic organizations, such as the "corps" among the students. It was evident that the machinations of a movement that was gaining impetus daily could not fail to attract the attention of the "Bureau of Information" of the War Department. Several members of the league were drafted to military service. Toller himself, however, escaped to Berlin. Here he met Eisner (later Minister of Bavaria) and other prominent leaders of the Opposition, read "subterranean literature," studied the aims, plans and conduct of the war and became more strengthened than ever in his determination to end this fratricide.

January, 1918, he returned to Munich and participated in the strike among the ammunition workers. With flaming words, he argued a just peace without conquest, nor even the slightest trace of annexation, a peace that would have as an absolute guide the self-determination of all nations, including that of the German proletariat. After Eisner's arrest, Toller was elected member of the strikers' committee. Shortly after the settlement of that strike he was arrested, charged with attempted treason, and thrown into a military prison. If, therefore, he had been a revolutionary by sympathy and sentiment, he now became one by conviction.

The solitary hours in the quietude of his prison cell were devoted to study and meditation. After his discharge he again plunged into the revolutionary current running strong in Munich, during November, 1918, which led to his election as Chairman of the Central Committee of the Laborers, Peasants and Soldiers' Council, and in March, 1919, he became Chairman of the Independent Socialist Party. Even in this influential position he used all his powers to prevent rash actions and moves that might precipitate a collapse of the State as such. Nevertheless, he could not prevent another revolutionary "uprising" in April, which, however, ended in complete failure. A prize of 10,000 marks was placed on his seizure, which resulted in his arrest June 6, 1919. He was tried and condemned to five years in a military prison at Niederschönenfeld, where he is spending his days in study and writing and where he composed his main works, "Die Wandlung," "Masse - Mensch," "Die Maschinenstürmer," "Die Rache des verhöhnten Liebhabers" (Revenge of the Derided Lover), "Eugen Hinckemann" and "Poems."

For the student of literature this brief biographical sketch is essential as a psychological basis for the discussion of Toller's literary works. From the very nature of his human and intellectual development, one must expect his works to be "Tendenzstücke," works with a definite purpose. Being born with an unconquerable impulse to preach certain doctrines, teach certain views, produce definite results, it would be a vain attempt to apply to his works the customary literary standards of formalism.

One involuntarily recognizes the dynamic, impelling power, the inherent force that seeks expression, a power and force that transcends hitherto accepted criteria and creates its own models and measurements. One would be driven to despair if one would attempt to analyze Toller's dramas according to the straitjacket of G. Freytag's "Technique of the Drama." In fact only the last two, "Maschinenstürmer" and "Eugen Hinckemann," make an effort to divide their series of scenes into acts, whereas "Die Wandlung" and "Masse-Mensch" are merely a series of scenes with rather loose connection. However, being based upon experiences, both physical and mental, they carry with them the stamp of reality and, hence, conviction. If Goethe's works are characterized as being autobiographical in a definite sense, the same quality and characteristic can be ascribed to all of Toller's works.

According to Toller's own statement, his first formal work, "Die Wandlung" ("The Transformation"), was written in the nature of sketches and notes "in 1917, in the third year of the World War. The final form was completed in the confines of the military prison, February and March, 1918." It is a lucid analysis of the mental and psychic transformation of a loyal patriot who enters the war a fervent expounder of the justice of his cause, as hundreds of thousands did (on both sides) in 1914, before "the beginning of the Regeneration," as Toller terms the revolution. But the scenes of horror which the hero experiences, the useless shedding of precious blood of friend and foe alike, the brutal annihilation of the virile manhood of the nations, gathered largely from the "masses" on both sides of "No Man's Land," all these experiences fill him with the conviction that war is an inexcusable, useless evil, producing no definite results nor final decisions or settlements. This aversion against settlement of differences with the sword is expressed by Toller in one of his addresses:

> Blood has flowed in brooks and streams during the four years of the imperialistic carnage of nations. Now every drop of this precious sap must be preserved with reverence in crystal bowls.

But "The Transformation" does not stop here. It further seeks to show that the true criterion of genuine patriotism is not blind labor for the governmental machine that fate has temporarily placed in power at the time, but it consists of devoted labor in the interest of all the people. Furthermore, such labor must be productive by creating the desire for such service also in the hearts of others. Merely to possess emotions is insufficient; one must arouse the same emotions in others.

In how far the little book "The Transformation" has been instrumental in arousing the people of Germany to oppose the continuance of bloodshed is impossible to ascertain. It is significant, however, that the first 15,000 copies were sold in a very short time, so that a second edition had to be printed at the end of 1921, and all that in spite of strenuous efforts to suppress the sale.

During the first year of the German revolution, 1919, and in the military prison, a new work crystallized into definite shape: "Masse-Mensch" ("Mass-Man"). If in "Transformation" Toller describes the psychic changes of a patriotic individualist to a more patriotic universalist, in his second book he attempts to characterize the generalization, commonly connoted under the term "the masses."

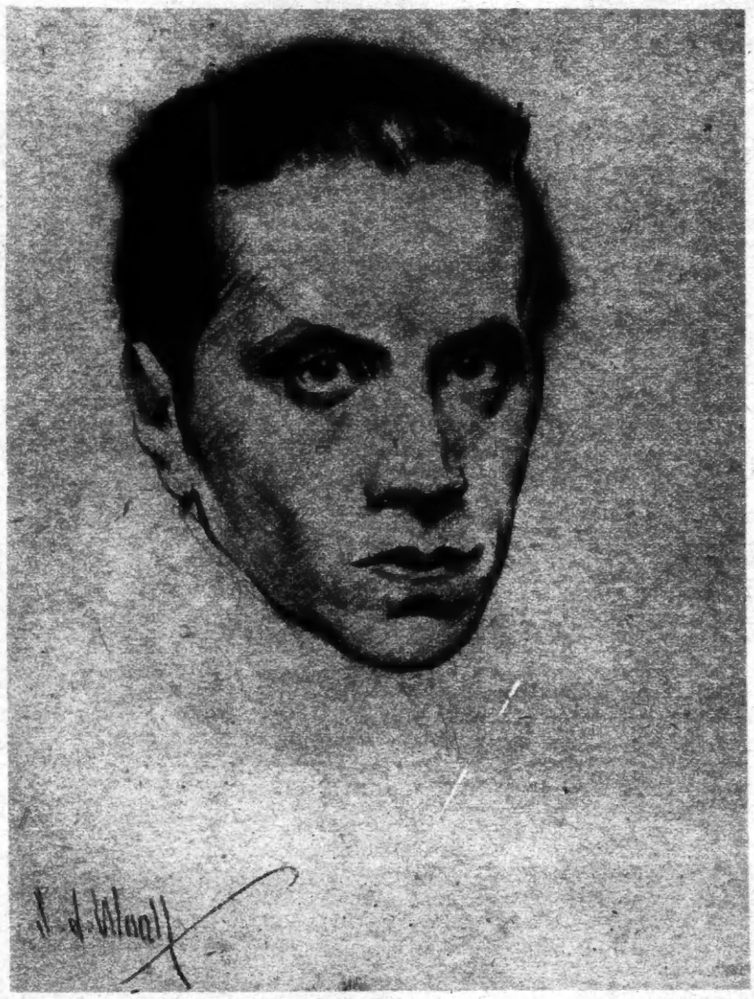
In his preface to the second edition (1921) Toller writes:

> The drama "Mass-Man" as a totality is a visionary spectacle, which practically "broke" forth from me within two days and a half. The two nights which I was compelled by force of arrest to spend in bed in the dark cell were abysses of torture; I was like lashed by visions, by demoniac visions, by visions that tumbled over one another in grotesque leaps. In the morning I sat down to the table, freezing of inner fever, and did not cease until my fingers, cramped and trembling, refused service.

Later in the same introduction he makes an interesting distinction between bourgeois art and critics on the one hand and proletarian art and critics on the other. Without discussing the subtleties of this differentiation in detail, he merely states that the bourgeois critic regards such literary works [as his] merely in terms of an editorial writer or newspaper reporter, whereas to the proletarian author they signify the expressions of tremendous, soul-stirring struggles that seize the entire being, because his creations emanate from the soul-world and intellectual world of the proletarian people.

"Masse-Mensch," the title of the drama, so difficult to render in any other language, may give us a clue to the purport of the play. It deals not with individuals and their fate, not with groups of individuals, nor with the "masses," so called; but it deals with the masses connoted under the term "humanity." Like in Hauptmann's "Weber," the masses are potent characters in the dramatic structure, but here they are not merely a suffering entity, but they form a rhythmic unity of strength, a psychic totality; the "masses"

(Continued on Page 21)



Ernst Toller.

Drawing by S. J. Woolf from Theatre Guild Photograph.

Claudel's Japanese Play

French Ambassador Writes a "No" Drama

By MARION LUCEY

A NEW epoch in stage production in Japan was marked this Spring when a foreign playwright introduced a Japanese play on the native stage. The author is Paul Claudel, at present French Ambassador to Tokio, and his play "The Woman and Her Shadow," a mystic one-act mimodrama.

Ever since M. Claudel has been in Japan he has been an ardent admirer of the Japanese stage, and in particular of that form of Japanese drama known as the "No." This ancient, untrimmed dramatic art may be regarded as a classic visualization of emotion. To describe it fully and bring it to the reader's mind so that its dramatic force may be fully appreciated is not a matter of words, but of pages and pages of detailed explanations, fruits of deep study. Few foreigners ever understand the "No." Yet M. Claudel succeeded in grasping its spirit so perfectly as to be able to write a play, preserving his own author qualities as a mystic and interpreting his vision through the medium of the "No."

In nothing else written for the stage by a Western playwright has the spirit of the Japanese been captured so well, and it is seldom that Japanese dramatists themselves have been able to draw so much out of the materials of their stage. It was not a wedding of the dramatic arts of the West and the East, for M. Claudel more than adapted Japanese materials to a Western theme. His theme was universal, and he used a Japanese medium with an understanding that seemed faultless. The acting itself was of a standard that neared perfection. Koshiro and Mitsugoro, two of the finest actors of the Japanese stage, were given full freedom in their interpretation of the leading rôles. And not least of the factors that contributed to the admirably effective artistic unity of the presentation was the large Japanese orchestra—all Japanese instruments—"samisen," flutes, drums, "koto" (a string instrument) and gongs, altogether comprising fifty-four pieces. The music was specially written for this play. Foreigners who never before knew how Japanese music could be considered music were enabled to realize how these instruments may be used to move the spirit to sympathy with the mood of the artists.

The play was in one act and one scene. The stage as the curtain rose at once gave the note of mystery, of illusion, of things half seen, imagined. A weird blue-green light played over the whole. In the background a few gnarled pine trees emerged from soft blue mists. The foreground was a lotus pond, and beyond was a higher level on which the action took place. To this a bridge, at the left of the stage, led; at the right a stone lantern loomed, its lights glowing softly. At the back of the stage near the bridge was a milestone, standing on the borderland between two worlds—the world of facts and the world of mists beyond, of the imagination. The moon appeared, impersonated by a girl clad in silver, just behind the trees, brilliant, coldly silver, half surrounded by clouds and casting its rays into the lotus pool in front. Children in dark green were the clouds that flitted now and then across the moon, and the striking of the rays on the pool was represented again by children carrying reflectors that simulated the changing, rippling lights of moonbeams on softly moving waters (a touch of Maeterlinck!).

A warrior entered over the bridge, halted a moment before the milestone, on which he read the inscription, "Border Between Two Worlds," crossed the stage and prostrated himself in front of the lantern, which was a memorial to the woman he loved and lost. As he remained there in meditation the shadow of a woman appeared dimly through the mists of the background. As he rose to go to the shadow a second woman, a living woman of the world of actuality, a Court lady of old times, magnificently clad in rich embroidered robes, descended from a palanquin borne on the shoulders of retainers. She crossed the bridge and presented herself before the warrior. From this point the action was carried forward by a series of dances, conceived and executed with an exquisite art which makes words superfluous. The fan, inseparable from the "No," came into play in the dances.

The warrior told the woman of the shadow he saw and she mockingly refused to believe him. They danced. She pointed out to him a branch of tree in bloom and told him he could see its reflection on the wall. And in truth at that moment the shadow of a branch appeared on the dense partition, and, to their amazement, butterflies fluttered from flower to flower—but butterflies from another world. A voice was heard in the orchestra, in weird tones singing an old Japanese poem, "The virtue of speech is so great that it suffices to make leaves and flowers blossom." Were they victims of an hallucination?

The woman wished to reassure him; she played the samisen, but even as she played, the shadow reappeared in the mists and when she finished distant strains of a koto to the accompaniment of a drum were heard continuing an instant after her playing had ceased. Still she fought the shadow, trying with words and gestures to break its spell upon him. She was the shadow, she told him.

But the shadow wandered hither and thither. The movements of the woman did not coincide with those of the shadow.

The warrior was at a loss. Which was reality, which was illusion?

Principal Characters in "The Woman and Her Shadow," as Played in Japan.

Time went on. The moon slowly drifted across the stage behind a trellis which symbolized the subdivisions of time into minutes and seconds; the beams still shimmered on the pool. On the frontier between the two worlds, between the moon and its beams, the warrior struggled desperately with reality and the shadow of the past. He rejected reality, which was so close at hand, to pursue illusion.

Reality, the woman, caught hold of him and dragged him, but illusion, the shadow, beckoned him. He drew his sword and made the gesture of tearing them asunder. The woman fell back crouching. He struck the shadow. The woman uttered a shriek and died. Reality, illusion—he had killed them both!

As the drama had worked itself out, the eternal tragedy of man and his dreams and illusions, the moon had passed overhead to the opposite end of the stage, accompanied by the flitting, shimmering clouds. The curtain fell on a scene poignant with tragedy. The plaintive, wailing music died softly to its close. The picture glowed with the mystic, eerie, blue-green lights; the mists seemed to conquer all. The warrior turned to cross the bridge and stumbled with a gesture of futility, the symbol of humanity caught between its world of reality and its world of visions.

For the first time in history members of the Japanese imperial family were allowed to be present at a performance in the Imperial Theatre acted by professionals as a tribute to the author.

A critic said of "The Tidings Brought to Mary," that French neo-Catholics do, assuredly, stop at nothing, and that they want "good, thick, stupefying incense smoke." This criticism could apply to "The Woman and Her Shadow" for to grasp any intelligible meaning from its presentation, imagination had to be given full play. However, every one who saw the play, whether or not a partisan of the new French school of "Claudelisme," was obliged to recognize it as an artistic accomplishment. Because it was a most effective combination of all the arts of the Japanese stage and because of its mystical quality, it appealed strongly to the Japanese love of half lights and it stands every chance of becoming one of the classics of the Japanese stage.

Past, Present and Future of the Movie

A Review by
MORDAUNT HALL

THAT MARVEL—THE MOVIE. By Edward B. Van Zile. With an introduction by Will H. Hays. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ALMOST interesting study of the motion picture, embodying a serious argument on the power for good or evil of the cinema, is contained in Edward Van Zile's volume, "That Marvel—the Movie." The author dwells at length on the far-reaching effects of the photoplay throughout the world and lights upon the happy idea that the motion picture is the "Esperanto of the eye." He concludes that Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde are struggling for domination of the screen, and that the issue of the conflict is still in abeyance. He has a great deal of faith in what Will H. Hays will be able to accomplish with the producers—perhaps too great a faith in view of what even Mr. Hays is talking—and refers to the erstwhile Republican National Chairman's figures and his declaration that the motion picture has grown from a naked idea to be the chief amusement of millions.

Possibly the most compelling portions of this book are those in which Mr. Van Zile tackles the early history of the cinema. He brings out that two Frenchmen, two Americans and two Englishmen share the glory for the discovery of the moving picture. He outlines his notion that there could have been no such thing as a motion picture if it had not been for the first still photograph made by Daguerre, and also that it would still have been impossible if it had not been for Eastman's share in the discovery. Thomas A. Edison also receives credit for his part in the invention, as well as Muybridge and Robert Paul, the two Englishmen. In referring to the six men responsible for the amusement for millions Mr. Van Zile writes:

> The early history of the cinematograph presents a study in international rivalry. The United States, England and France wrote names on the scroll of fame upon which the scientists and promoters who rendered motion picture possible make their bid for immortality. Edison and Eastman, Americans; Daguerre and Messrs. Lumière & Sons, Frenchmen; and Muybridge and Paul, Englishmen. Daguerre, a Frenchman, rocked the cradle of photography, Muybridge, an Englishman, taught it to run, and Edison, an American, gave it wings.

Muybridge was an enthusiast on cameras and race horses, and during a visit to California he met Senator Leland Stanford, also a crank on blooded trotters. During the visit the merits of a certain horse were discussed, Stanford differing with Muybridge. To settle the dispute Muybridge conceived an ingenious plan. He placed a row of twenty-four cameras along one side of the race course. Attached to the shutter of each he fastened a long thread, which in turn was carried across the tracks, and then to make certain of getting sharp exposures, he erected a white screen opposite to serve as a reflector. When all was in readiness the race horse was turned loose down the track. Mr. Edison, in explaining this, is quoted as declaring that when the horse passed the rows of cameras the various threads snapped, and a series of photographs, establishing each successive point in the action of the horse, were registered. On developing the plates they revealed for the first time a complete photographic record of the minutest details of a horse in actual motion, and Muybridge had the satisfaction of using them to win his argument. It appears that he might have just put the pictures away, but some one suggested trying the effect on a zoetrope, something like the kinetoscope. The effect was so startling that it created a sensation.

It is interesting that if an attempt had been made to make a real motion picture lasting just one brief minute it would have required, under Muybridge's plan, seven hundred and twenty cameras. All this happened in 1872.

Referring to Frederick A. Talbot's writings, Mr. Van Zile points to the turning point in the career of Robert W. Paul:

> About 3 o'clock one morning in the early months of 1895 the quietness of Hatton Garden was disturbed by loud and prolonged shouts. The police rushed hurriedly to the building and found Paul and his colleagues in their workshop, giving vent to wholehearted exuberance of triumph. They had just succeeded in throwing the first animated pictures on a screen. To compensate the police for their fruitless investigation, the film, forty feet in length, producing a picture seven feet square, was run through the special lantern for their edification.

Of special interest is the reference to the fact that Paul, the stepfather of the movie, as Van Zile calls him, entered into partnership with Sir Augustus and Lady Harris and made the Olympia Theatre in London the first picture palace in the world, catching the popular fancy with what was called a "theatograph." Eventually Paul controlled eight London theatres showing motion pictures, and he made a contract with the Alhambra for two weeks of pictures in March, 1896, which was stretched to four years.

Both Paul and Sir Augustus believed the fickle public would soon tire of what seemed to be to them merely an ephemeral novelty. In the chapter in which Mr. Van Zile writes that the movie grew up in the slums he refers to the decision of the natives of Stratford-on-Avon not to have their town desecrated by movies. The author goes on to say that it is not for Americans to jeer at the inhabitants of Shakespeare's birthplace, as in 1926 the Lancaster (Ohio) School Board adopted the following resolution:

> Such things as railroads are impossibilities and rank infidelity. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles per hour by steam, He would clearly have foretold it through His holy prophets.

The author asserts that whatsoever is new under the sun must fight for its place in the sun, seeing that even bathtubs were denounced by our medical men as a menace to the public health, and that for centuries the printing press had to struggle for freedom against restrictive influences that looked upon it as an "agent of the devil."

In another reference to Mr. Hays the author says that what Judge Landis is endeavoring to do for the national game and Augustus Thomas for the stage is, in a general way, what Will H. Hays has been called upon to effect in the field of the motion picture. He does not mention the fact that Mr. Hays did not strengthen his position with the motion-picture producers or the public when he lifted the ban on Arbuckle's pictures.

Mr. Van Zile, always willing to indulge in alliterative phrases, asserts that the cinematograph has risen from mush to masterpieces, and sets forth the lurid titles of some films, some of which were produced last year, such as "Deserted at the Altar," "More to Be Pitied Than Censored," "Thorns and Orange Blossoms," "The Curse of Drink," "How Women Love," and "The Lure of Broadway." He praised the wonders worked by David W. Griffith, whose "Birth of a Nation," he says has been called "a celluloid Peter Pan which will never grow old." Mr. Van Zile declares that this production was also the birth of a new era for the screen. He goes on to say that the carper and skeptic will always be with us, and that Will Hays, capable of organizing victory for the Republican Party, is thought by the pessimist to be attempting an impossible task in endeavoring to make permanent the loftier scope that Griffith and other praiseworthy producers have given to the screen.

To these Van Zile replies:

> But these atrabilious knockers, short-sighted, narrow-minded and unimaginative, have failed to take a bird's-eye view of the varied influences and enterprises now in action with the avowed purpose of perpetuating the impetus given to the better type of photoplay by the permanent success of "The Birth of a Nation."

He goes on to point out that "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," as presented on the screen, was free from the shortcomings ascribed to Ibáñez's novel. In another chapter Mr. Van Zile deals with the rapacity for stories developed by the screen, asserting that an audience of several millions daily cannot have the cream of the world's imaginative literature without resorting shortly to skimmed milk and eventually coming to the end of lacteal resources. He is of the opinion that what the hokum audiences accepted in the past they will now reject, and admits that there has been a tendency to underrate the general intelligence. He opines that as a medium for drama the screen is only just beginning to break away from the influences that controlled its first stages.

Mr. Van Zile mentions productions that are milestones in the progress of the industry, and his whole volume is sincere and frank. However, concerning his faith in the future, one must bear in mind that producers, as a body, are not particularly keen about anything new that attacks their purses, and his argument for an improved type of pictures will only carry weight if he can prove that these productions will bring in as much money as the others.

"And you didn't return the excess?"

How Honest Are We?

When to Some "Findin's Is Keepin's" and the Customs and the Corporations Are by Others Taken Lightly

By CHARLES J. ROSEBAULT

HONOR, says one of Sudermann's characters, is not a precise and definite thing, a natural instinct, the same thing to all men. It depends upon inheritance, tradition, environment. The same may be said of honesty, of the regard for the obligation to render unto Caesar that which is (according to accepted law and custom) Caesar's. One might add that opportunity and temptation are likewise factors to be weighed in any dispassionate consideration of the individual and his performance.

Years ago, in London, I left a pair of opera glasses in the cab which carried me from a theatre to my hotel. As I had not even the number of the cab, I regretfully set down my loss as a charge against experience. Not at all, retorted the hotel clerk, when I mentioned my misfortune. If I'd ring up Scotland Yard in the morning I'd get my glasses. This looked so much like a case of swank, English assumption of perfection, that I was disinclined to follow up the suggestion. But I was young, Scotland Yard was a play of romance and mystery and here was a chance to get in touch with it. So I went there. And I got my glasses—after paying 10 per cent. of the valuation fixed by an official appraiser, which sum was divided between the honest cabby and the Police Pension Fund. The clerk seemed puzzled at my surprise. It was such a common occurrence.

That experience recurred to me the other night when I discovered I had left a favorite cane in a taxi. It was one of the cars belonging to a company which advertises that its chauffeurs are gentlemen as well as experts, guardians of the innocent and defenseless, trustworthy, dependable, et cetera. I remembered my man because he had seemed to fit in with all these adjectives. A clean-cut young American, with a frank ring to his voice and agreeable manners. His "Good night!" had sounded uncommonly pleasant.

But my cane did not reappear. It was not turned in to the department existing for such emergencies. Of course, there was the possibility that a later passenger had taken it. It was a handsome malacca stick which a friend had brought me from Vienna, and some finder might virtuously declare that the owner who was so careless deserved to lose it. Curious what logic can be made to do.

The case of Delia's friend Nora will illustrate. The latter is employed by a mistress who is fond of travel, so that Nora is often left to her own devices. She has the run of a large apartment filled with costly gimcracks. She does the ordering and is under practically no supervision as to what she buys or spends in catering to the master and his friends. And Nora is worthy of the confidence reposed in her. Delia knows her well and has told many a tale to illustrate how well Nora guards the interests of her employers.

But Nora's steady runs a taxi, and it appears that there are other careless ones in this city of millions. Nora is the gainer. In fact, she is getting embarrassed with the number of silk umbrellas, gloves, fur scarfs, leather and bead purses, not to mention fancy boxes of expensive chocolates and knick-knacks of all sorts. Delia, in her innocent gossip, reported that she asked her friend didn't her fellow ever give up his findings to their real owners, whereupon Nora laughed herself almost sick. "But now what do you say when you go to confession?" Nora insisted, whereupon she almost lost her friend. The idea that there was anything to confess! Aren't findin's keepin's?

Lest anybody should be seized with the idea that this is insidious propaganda designed to suggest that London is more honest than New York I hasten to show that the keenest judges of human conduct in all the world—the French and the Italians—award us the halo. Not New Yorkers alone but Americans. In the heart of the Latin Quarter of Paris, where the American students cluster most thickly, there is a little shop known to all artists who have lived in Paris. Here the students buy their paints, their brushes and their canvases. Here they leave their orders to have their paintings conveyed to the exhibitions, or, if happily sold, it is here that they will be packed and shipped. For a quarter of a century the proprietor has been general factotum to all the students. It is to him that the beginner is led by friendly compatriots as soon as he has his grip unpacked. And it has been he who has proved the standby in the last resort.

For no student has ever been refused the tools of his trade because he had not the money to pay for them. A shrug of the shoulders, a kindly smile, a pleasant word or two, and the article sought was handed over. No written promise to pay—not even an acknowledgment of the receipt. How much did he lose by this generous indulgence? Not one sou. Some of his debtors were poor boys and girls, who often did not have their rent or the price of the next meal. Sometimes they went back home—which might be a metropolis or a crossroads village—considerably in debt to the old fellow. Not infrequently they discovered that they were not meant to be artists and that the time and money had been wasted. But they never failed to make good to him. Sometimes it took five years. But he did not pester them. Nor did he worry. He knew

In one of the little shops of Florence, a lady was inspecting some fine old lace. "If you will put this aside for me," she said to the shopkeeper, "I will send you the money as soon as I get home." "Why do you not take it with you!" he asked. "I cannot spare that much," she replied, "but I will pay you a deposit." The shopkeeper wrapped up the lace and handed it to her. "Pay when you are ready, signora," he said. "But you don't know me." He waved an eloquent hand. "You are American"—and turned to the next customer.

All right then as to the American abroad, but how honest is he at home—or, to be even more definite, how honest is he right in this City of New York? Let us take the lady last mentioned. She no sooner landed in New York than she dispatched a money order to the Florentine merchant. But—did she declare her lace at the Custom House? Nor a number of other things. A considerable number. And felt so little guilt she told all her friends. Smuggling was a thing to boast of, not a crime.

Poor Uncle Sam! There are so many who feel the same way. And they are not all illogical ladies either. Go among the big dealers in antiquities and you will hear of a great collector who never would buy anything that had paid more than ten per cent. duty. That was in the days when antiques were not on the free list and the duties ran up to 60 per cent. In other words, this collector insisted upon undervaluation by the dealer. Where the latter had paid the full duty he sometimes dissembled, adding the difference between what he had paid and the ten per cent. his customer would allow, in some other guise. Yet that collector was a patriot who had often come to the aid of the Government in times of financial stress.

Smuggling, evading the taxes, getting the better of the corporations—these are things apart in the ethical judgments of the average. A sharp little newsboy hands in his left-overs at the window of the cashier in the circulation department and receives what is coming to him. Momentarily the cashier's attention is diverted and the boy sneaks out the bundle not yet removed beyond his reach and tries to collect a second time. "D'ye blime me if I kin get away wid it?" he retorts to the denunciation of the cashier. There is a ring of indignation in his voice. The cashier is to him a hypocrite, who would do the same were their positions reversed.

And the grinning kids in the background agree.

But we must be careful about generalizing. There must still be some survivors who can recall the sensation in the Tax Department when a citizen called to say that his personal taxes had been under-assessed. It was back in the '80s, when local government was none too impartial and "influence" was potent. Of course, the visitor was misunderstood. Some insidious motive must be lurking there. Some yellow journal stunt to get the department in wrong! It took courage, persistence and eloquence to convince the officials that here was an "idiot" who really believed he ought to pay more than had been asked of him.

The same emotions were aroused in the motorman of an Amsterdam Avenue car the other day. It was one of the pay-as-you-enter cars, but one of the passengers went by without dropping her nickel in the box. The motorman had his attention diverted at the moment and the passenger was only brought to a realization of her delinquency when she came out of her reverie to find a nickel tightly clutched in her hand. On her way out she stopped to deposit it. "Gee, lady," exclaimed the motorman, "you're awful honest!"

What influence have education, culture and contact with those who profess to follow the higher ethical conceptions? Again it won't do to jump to conclusions. A prominent retail merchant is authority for this: One of his customers was also a social acquaintance and in the course of the season he attended a large reception at her home. It was with considerable pleasure that he recognized a large Persian rug on the floor of her drawing room as one of his own importation. It was beautiful and fitted in well with the furnishings, but it was a pity to have it down on such an occasion when it would be trampled by hundreds of feet.

He would have said as much to the hostess had she not been so occupied with her program, which included some idealistic remarks on life and its duties by a distinguished author. Two days later the merchant observed the rug back in his shop. "How's this?" he asked the department manager; "wasn't this sold to Mrs. Blank?" "Yes, but she returned it this morning. Said it wasn't quite what she wanted." Borrowed for the occasion!

Another merchant told of a coincidence which brought him close behind two women of superior bearing in time to see one deliberately tear a glove she was wearing. "What in the world—" began her companion. "I don't like them," she explained, "and the only way they'll take them back after my wearing them is if I can show they were imperfect." They were outside his shop at the time and he followed them, heard the woman coolly lie to the saleswoman and her companion corroborate her story. His intervention produced a sensation.

Thefts in the department stores, on both sides of the counters, continue, and the counterparts of the tale developed by Zola in "The Ladies' Paradise," where women of social standing were unable to resist the opportunity to take what seemed unguarded, are common enough; but there has been a restraining influence in the fact that the shops prosecute offenders now whereas the custom formerly was to retrieve and warn.

Open stealing is, however, only one of the methods pursued by those who would possess themselves of the wares without payment. Using the names of charge customers, pretending that packages contained less than they did, returning articles after using them, are old games still pursued. Yet the percentage of loss is very small and the attitude of the shops in opening charge accounts and in permitting those who hold themselves out to be charge customers to carry away their purchases is much more liberal than it used to be. Necessarily, that must be due to a lessened effort to defraud.

Are men more honest than women? There is a type of restaurant whose experience might be set over against that of the dry goods shop in answer to that question. For the patrons of the former are only men, while the stealing, at least in the department stores, is mostly by women.

There are thirty-six of these restaurants in our town and they have been increasingly successful since the first was started nearly forty years ago. They are all in basements, and the saving in rent is said to be reflected in the prices. The company which controls them installed a system which, ostensibly at least, is a tribute to the honesty of the patrons. The latter compute their own bills and pay accordingly. There is seemingly no way of correcting the customer's statement. From 12 to 2 and from 5:30 to 7 there is a long line filing up to the cashier and each man calls out to an assistant seated alongside the total of his bill.

Is it always correct? Well, almost always, said the manager of one of the biggest. And is there no supervision? Oh, there are detectives circulating about, he admitted. Loss? About 5 per cent. Which is a great deal more than the department stores suffered at any time.

In fact, there is one check on the swindler which is more potent than detectives. It is that simple device of having the assistant bawl out the amount quoted by the customer. Nominally only a repetition of the latter's declaration, it is really a psychological test which only the most hardened can ignore. Bankers know that practically no one can forge a signature under the eyes of a stranger. The effect here is the same. Somebody in the line might have noticed!

"We don't have to watch the regulars," said the manager. "It's the strangers we keep an eye on. Especially those who talk a lot. One like that took the trouble to hunt me up. Wanted to tell me how much he liked us. He kept straight for a couple of weeks, then started off with a bang. Called out thirty cents when his bill was seventy-five. I let him go until he had done us for five dollars, then had the detective take him aside. He was brazen about it. 'Call the manager,' he said. 'He knows me and knows I wouldn't do such a thing!' I convinced him soon enough. He didn't have the money with him to make good, so I let him go for it. He came back with it, all right, but then he didn't come again. That's the worst of it. You lose a customer when he knows you know he isn't straight. For that reason we don't make a holler when it's only a nickel or so. They might be honestly mistaken, too. Our prices change with the market and they might not have noticed an increase."

Resentment plays a part sometimes. The other day a friend was complaining of his difficulty with a pay telephone. The operator was constantly giving him a wrong number. "I had a little satisfaction in the end," he declared. "When she worked the apparatus to return my nickel out tumbled twenty cents." "And you didn't return the excess?" I asked. He looked at me in amazement. "Gad!" he confessed, "that never even occurred to me." A moment later he added doggedly: "I was perfectly right. Didn't the darned company waste more than fifteen cents' worth of my time?" And he is really an honest man.

Their Artistic Ability May Be Questionable, But Not Their Honesty.

Poet of the German Class Struggle

(Continued from Page 18)

have become a bearer of a conscious will.

No Man shall slay other Men
For the sake of any cause,
Unholy is every cause that demands it.
Whoever demands human blood is Moloch.
Free humanity alone is sacred,
Interrelated by mutual labor.

This may be considered the crux of at least one phase of Toller's philosophy as expressed in " Mass-Man." The goal of all human effort is the happiness not of the individual, but of all humanity, interrelated, interdependent by " labor " in the most general interpretation of the term. The word " nation " in modern times no longer signifies a well-defined, independent race of human beings, whose happiness can be obtained at the expense of other similar groups of human beings; but a " nation " is merely a cog wheel in an intricate machine, the efficiency of which depends upon the perfect and harmonious co-ordination and co-operation of all the parts.

Last Summer the writer enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing the première and several other performances of Toller's powerful drama, " Die Maschinenstürmer " (" The Assailants of Machinery "), performed by some of Berlin's greatest artists in that capital's largest theatre, the Grosse Schauspielhaus, which was crowded to capacity during the entire run of the play.

The " Maschinenstürmer " was written in prison during the Winter of 1920-21. In five acts and a " prelude " it deals with a strike of the weavers in Nottingham, during the Luddite labor troubles of 1815-20, made famous by Lord Byron's eloquent speech. It is dedicated to " the English comrades: especially to Martha Hartley, the sisterly weaver in Lancashire, and Wilfred Wellock, the comrade and warrior." With the brush of an artist in sombre colors Toller paints the misery and suffering of the weavers in Nottingham, who, with the aid of women and children, all busy at the hand looms, eke out a pitiable living entirely unworthy of a human being. Under such conditions all the coarse instincts of human nature thrive. Into this misery news strikes like a thunderbolt: A large machine is to be installed that will do the work of hundreds, and yet is so easily controlled that henceforth only women and children together with a few men will be employed to feed this machine. Inevitable starvation staring them in the face, the workers declare a strike against the machine and threaten to destroy the entire plant.

The whole drama in its masterful painting of abject poverty caused by criminally neglected social conditions is one powerful J'Accuse! However, no solution is offered, no avenue to improvement is suggested, except organized, unionized effort of the workers. Despondency that hovers over all the players spreads in the hearts of the spectators and is intensified by the monotonous melody of the " Workers' Song," chanted unisono by the workers. This is a simple, weird melody written in E minor by Klaus Pringsheim, but one which haunts the ears of the spectator long after he has left the theatre. Thus the Greek audiences must have felt when the inexorable Erinnyes were threatening all evil-doers with unescapable punishment. Every one who has witnessed the " Maschinenstürmer " must recognize the unmistakable ability of Toller as a master of language, unsurpassed as a depictor of social conditions, and able to produce powerful psychological effects and to develop stirring scenes because they are based upon an intimate knowledge of mob psychology.

In truly Tolleresque strain two other works have been written—" Poems of Prisoners " as well as " Day of the Proletariate." The former is a collection of verse in sonnet form, in which strong insurrectionary passion only too often conceals true poetic sentiment. But frequently the latter breaks through like beautiful red rays of the setting sun through heavy storm clouds on the evening horizon.

The other work contains two longer poems, intended for choral use, the first entitled " Day of the Proletariate," the second " Requiem for the Slain Brethren."

Toller is not quite within his favorite atmosphere if he does not preach. Only once has de deserted the pulpit, when writing the gallant puppet play " The Revenge of the Derided Lover." It is a two-act drama of somewhat erotic character, written in graceful, lyric form, and deals with a story of Cardinal Bandello about the year 1550. But in his next drama, " Eugen Hinckemann," a proletarian tragedy, he returns to his special field of social reform. At the time of this writing, the play has not yet been made available to the reading public, but a brief synopsis of it, written by one of Toller's friends who had read the play in manuscript, has come to the attention of the writer of this review.

" Eugen Hinckemann " describes the gradual crushing of the mental stamina and will-power of an ex-soldier who, disabled in his manhood, returns home to his young wife. The destruction of his conjugal life, the mockery of his friends, the apparent infidelity of his wife evolve a tragic mental state that ends in utter despair and self-destruction.

If we then seek to understand the message which Toller attempts to preach we will experience some difficulty in crystallizing his ideas within the canons of a system. Is it communism? Most certainly not! He is as far removed from communism as from monarchism. Is it socialism? Not in the commonly accepted connotation of that term.

It is true that his ideals represent a certain collectivism, and yet are sufficiently individualistic, to strive for the happiness of each individual, but this must be effected through the happiness of humanity in general. His sympathy for the oppressed, his strong compassion for the downtrodden based upon a positive conviction of a " universal brotherhood," is evidenced by his acts while leader during the revolutionary days in 1919. As such he prevented innumerable executions of death warrants by the Revolutionary Tribunal, until these verdicts had been confirmed by the Central Council. Thus no death verdict was carried out at all and many orders for arrest were torn up.

If we compare his work with those of others we will find some similarities side by side with essential differences. In Fritz von Unruh's " Opfergang " (written 1916) we find the same longing for peace. It is perhaps the earliest annunciation of that longing found anywhere in German literature. Here, too, we find that intimate tone of personal experience so striking in all of Toller's works. In Unruh's drama " Platz," as in Toller, we feel the futility of any Government if unsupported by the governed, and we face the same spirit of insurrection against enforced subordination to traditional authority. But Unruh's diction is often forced and sometimes fanciful, thus robbing the play of some of its realism.

In Toller we hear the threatening roar of the angry lion. With a singular directness and bluntness, without elegant phrase or circumscription prompted by sentiment, he states conditions as he sees them. And yet—between the roars of the lion we occasionally hear the sweet notes of the dreamy nightingale, giving hope and promise that when Toller has outlived the period of Storm and Stress, when he lives in a world of peace and tranquillity (shall we say, when he has stripped the shackles of poverty and has reaped affluence by the sale of his works), then we shall enjoy the children of his fertile brain in the forms of poems or dramas that will rival the best in modern literature. There can be no doubt that Toller is to be reckoned among the ablest writers of republican Germany, a fact recognized by men like Björnson, Max Halbe, Carl Hauptmann, Thomas Mann, Max Marterstein and others, who have petitioned the Government—though in vain—to liberate Toller from his imprisonment.

One involuntarily feels the ability of this powerful character, now still in the throes of the superexuberance of a fiery temperament; a Titan in chains. When his philosophical concepts of life and society, of cause and effect, have clarified, when he has realised that the salvation of the human race is a gradual process of evolution by education and when he is able to join the ranks of the reformers who are constantly working to bring about that salvation by education, then, and only then, will he find realization of that great love for mankind with which his heart is filled.

Epic Qualities Sought in the Insignificant

(Continued from Page 12)

Yet shall this calico shift of her
poor love,
Like a king's daughter's, be all
gold-inwrought.

Through motherhood, middle age, old age, the story is shot through with profound pathos. The impressions are so serious, so compassionate in the telling, so full of a genuine understanding of life. The characters have a kind of dumb, deeply-moving submission in the face of the insoluble mysteries of a scheme of things at once " so necessitous, so hopeless and so unrewarded."

Of Selina's transition to middle age we are told,

Like lovely melody of music muted
The ear heard once and never
will again;
* * * * * * *
So backward on her babes' lost
babyhood
Too soon Selina looked and
yearned in vain.

And in Middle Age there are these fine lines:

Her years went roaring like a
forest fire,
Still quickening on the rising wind
of age,
Scorching her onward, while from
their dead pyre
Green change renewed the world.

Finally, in Old Age, we have this:

Whatever death may be, account it
well,
If Mrs. Tidmuss died as flower
and tree
And is no more, or if her spirit
dwell
In unimaginable ecstasy
Within the lovely bosom of this
God,
Lives now enlightened, learns
and serves—let be!
* * * * * * *
Tilly displayed the proper grief
she meant;
(Blow up, O trumpets of eternity!)
Bert Summers thought, " Well, it
was time she went."
(Shout, souls of God — from
starry sea to sea!)
The children were fishing very
well,
(Stars, clash your shining
shields!—a soul is free!)

In the Preludes the poet achieves his finest flight, reaching a realm of genuine lyrical exaltation.

Arise, O loveliest!
Break the warm toils of consummated sleep!
Bathe and endue thy limbs
With dear familiar garments.
—O loveliest, arise!

Elsewhere:

Life is the prisoning clay, and
Death the sun;
Life the vague night, and Death
broad day begun;
Life the gaunt trenches, Death the
dim peace won.

Viewed from the exacting standards of poetry, the lines are curiously unequal. Many times the writer, hampered by the rather unhappy verse form he has chosen for his story, digs up quartz crystals instead of jewels, unaware apparently of the difference. There are times, if the truth must be told—and it must!—when the rhyme is obviously forced and when there is a sudden drop in both the thought and its outer raiment. There are times when the meter is obviously faulty. The writer has, too, an unusual leaning toward the use of archaic words. And yet, the fact that over against these obvious and distressing poetical defects, these great blind spots in its organic structure, there should yet stand out so clearly a great-hearted, noble accomplishment—that of taking us into the compass of these warped lives and showing us, despite the " infinite daily murder," their glory and their essential sacredness—is an achievement of distinction. The fact that one even forgives the poet all his metrical deficiencies for this brilliant study of the narrow house, the cramped environment, shows what reservoirs of spiritual strength must lie in the poet's own soul. For he is a poet in feeling by virtue of his insight, no matter what he chooses to do with his metrical arrangements—even though he has not yet achieved full mastery of his instrument. He is great enough to enter vicariously through the imagination into these sordid lives as a prototype of all warped lives, and, by making them known, to become in a sense, their Christ to them.

It is a big thing to have done an " Epic of Insignificance " significantly. Wilfrid Blair in this piece of artistry has done an inestimable service to humanity, just as has Zona Gale in " Lulu Bett," as Lewis in " Babbitt," as Booth Tarkington in " Alice Adams." The more of this sincere portraiture we have, the sooner will our world be leavened with the leaven of a felt humanity. Every portrayal of the hard, bitter lot of these deprived ones, in poetry, in painting, on the stage, is a stab at the immemorial waste in mankind and lessens the term of their death-in-life. And by every inch of our acquiescence to these cruel conditions—our facile acceptance of their " necessitous nature "—we prolong their lot and bring confusion on ourselves at the bar of all great natures.

This story cries to heaven in its pathos, its utter futility and emptiness. These lives, once joyous and wistful and eager, crushed gradually under the weight of routine, become more dead than Dead Sea fruit. And the poison that they breed is more deadly than are the vapors of a malarial swamp. For they do not know how to flit on wings of deliverance or to take the airplane of the imagination.

There will be less and less of these deaths in life the more they are proclaimed from the housetops. The victims themselves are necessarily unrealizing and inarticulate. Poets, painters, playwrights, novelists are their slow but sure deliverers. The day will no doubt come, in that possible Utopia envisaged by Wells, when these " infinite daily murders," dragged into the light and analyzed as to their causes, will no more be tolerated than physical murder. We cannot have too many of these portraits. The more we have of them, the sooner will the new day be ushered in. If life is like that, cry all generous spirits, then by the eternal gods it shall be changed! So it is that a work like this is an integral part of the hope of the world.

Stream of Pacifist Novels in France

(Continued from Page 5)

Mme. Ciboure confides her reflections, hopes and fears to her diary, the only place where she dares to speak out. Her idol is her son, whom she nurses through a long sickness, but who in spite of his devotion to his mother welcomes the call to the colors, and whose death in action on the eve of the armistice costs his mother's life also.

There is plot enough to hold the dated entries of the diary together, a fine study of the play of emotional forces in a time of crisis, and the end is tragic. The strength of the books, however, lies in the imposing marshaling of facts, rumors and opinions drawn from the four years and more of war, the revelation of the occult working of certain war industries in relation to government policy and the formation of public opinion, and the human effort of the mother to keep her only son from being drawn into the maelstrom. The psychological interest of the story, on the other hand, is less pronounced than in " Le Sort le plus beau," for the reason that Mme. Ciboure is clearly a confirmed opponent of war from the start notwithstanding that she herself has suffered no loss, and the effect of the accumulated entries is at times depressing, but the story is powerful despite its gloom.

The fact that " Saint Magloire " and the two novels of Michel Corday passed quickly into the class of the best sellers has undoubtedly had something to do with the changed attitude of the French press toward this unaccustomed literature. With books, as with other things, nothing succeeds like success, and the sale of a book is admittedly a tangible indication of the popular interest which it has aroused. It is not, however, equally indicative of the literary or moral quality of a book, as the experience of Victor Marguerite's " La Garçonne " clearly shows.

What has helped to give these pacifist writings their vogue, questions of novelty and literary workmanship aside, is undoubtedly their frank appeal, in a nation almost every individual member of which has been personally touched by war, to a generous humanitarian interest which it has always been easy to arouse in France, and which in certain sections of the French intellectual world has become a species of religion as the spiritual hold of the church has weakened. Moreover, in France as in other countries, thousands of persons who never expect to see war abolished nevertheless welcome attacks upon the institution as such as a help in mitigating the horrors of war and in removing some of its historical provocations; and broadsides in story form often carry far where formal arguments fall short.

It would be easy, accordingly, both to overestimate and to underestimate the significance and influence of the French pacifist writers. Opinions based upon the attitude of the press are likely to vary with the kind of journal that one reads or likes, for the weightier critical journals have only lately begun to treat the pacifist novels seriously, the radical newspapers have been friendly or even enthusiastic from the start, while the influential Catholic press has been divided. The best-known representatives of the school, as has been said, are not writers of the first order, and a Bourget or a Prévost will still sell four or five copies where a Dorgelès or a Corday will sell one; but their literary ability is nevertheless generally conceded and the public is buying their books. The books themselves suffer, as literature, the disadvantage which is often declared to be inseparable from any novel with a purpose, and none of them, certainly, is cheerful reading, yet every one of the novels has the dramatic human interest which always attaches to the story of men and women who, gripped by circumstances, feel compelled to follow conscience and to stand alone.

The most obvious weakness of the school at the moment appears to be its disposition to mingle with its denunciation of war the denunciation of political or social abuses in general, thereby sweeping together in one indictment things which in fact are of diverse nature and origin. There can be no doubt that opposition to war as such is increasing in French intellectual circles and among the wage earners, but novels which, like " Saint Magloire " or " Les Hauts Fourneaux," lay much stress upon social injustice or the evils of war profiteering are doubtless read with the more avidity because they have not an exclusively pacifist content. The problem of those who, as writers rather than reformers, are leading a movement now fairly under way would seem to be to maintain the artistic distinction of their work as literature, and to leave to others the field of miscellaneous political or social propaganda.

Viennese Critic On Hergesheimer

VIENNA.

LEON KELLNER, a Viennese critic, in a long and highly appreciative article on the work of Joseph Hergesheimer, comes to the conclusion that "as an artist Hergesheimer stands alone." He admits that his attention was first called to Hergesheimer by one who classed the novelist as German in blood as well as ideas—classed him with Dreiser, Ben Hecht and H. L. Mencken as an irreverent German-American iconoclast intent on smashing the respect hitherto shown in our land to traditionally holy names of literature such as Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne. But, having delved into Hergesheimer's pages, the critic found nothing German about him—rather he found the novelist's methods French, vividly reminiscent of Balzac and Flaubert. "This writer," he says, "belongs to that small group of original spirits for whom no boundary posts of race or language exist, who are at home under every sky, who see and poetically grasp the eternal soul-values, that which is indestructibly human, despite all the wrappings in which time and accidental local conditions seek to veil them."

The critic finds striking points of contact between Hergesheimer and Joseph Conrad; also he notes in the rising American novelist a touch of Henry James. In short, he is struck by Hergesheimer's ability at psychological analysis. To his way of thinking, Joseph Hergesheimer is merely one who depicts his fellowman; there is nothing in him of didacticism. In this, says Herr Kellner, he is at variance with almost all of the writers of his time, especially Sinclair Lewis.

Hergesheimer's work in "Java Head" comes in for special commendation. An acid test of a writer's ability, the critic declares, is whether or not he can successfully portray a child; in "Java Head," according to Herr Kellner, Laurel Ammidon is a consummately successful child portrait. He is also most favorably impressed by the Chinese Princess in the same book.

In short, Joseph Hergesheimer has found a thoroughly friendly champion in Herr Leon Kellner—likewise one who can bring his friendliness to bear from a prominent vantage point in Vienna's leading newspaper.

Leo Frobenius, the explorer, who has wandered extensively in Africa of late, has gathered together a collection of stories which may well be classed as a sort of African One Thousand and One Nights. In fact, there is such a similarity between them and the famous tales of Arabia that Frobenius inclines to the belief that they may be the lost stories of the Arabian Nights which have been sought for centuries. Frobenius has just published his African discoveries in a volume entitled "Legends from Kordofan," the fourth of a series by him comprising the rich treasures of African folklore which he has unearthed in the course of his African travels.

Instead of Sheherazade, the lovely Sultana, whose extraordinary ability to tell stories saves her from being killed by her lord, the Sultan, we have, in the African Arabian Nights, a male spinner of yarns, one Far-li-Mas. Instead of saving himself from death at the hands of his sovereign, he succeeds, through his story-telling prowess, in rescuing the latter from execution.

In Kordofan, so runs the legend, it was the custom for the priests to bring about the death of the King of the land just as soon as their observations of the stars proved to them that the right astronomical moment had arrived for eliminating the monarch. So great was the priests' power that King after King was put to death in this way, some only a short time after their accession to the throne. In order to make his unfortunate lot easier, the King was graciously allowed to choose among his friends those whom he wished to accompany him on his journey into the other world. The priests, with charming amiability, undertook to execute these persons also, so that the King might not be so lonesome.

Now it came to pass that a King named Akaf ruled over Kordofan, who, in due time, was informed by the priests of the land that it was up to him to die. Having been further informed that he might, according to the custom of the land, choose those whom he wished to have with him on the other side of the tomb, he promptly chose Far-li-Mas, a man renowned far and wide for his remarkable gift of story-telling. When Far-li-Mas told stories he absolutely hypnotized his audiences; they gathered around him, spellbound, forgetting all else in breathlessly following his fascinating narratives. King Akaf was well aware of the power of Far-li-Mas; he knew that the priests of Kordofan, as well as the rest of the Kordofanites, delighted in listening to the gifted narrator. So, having declared his wish that the spinner of yarns accompany him across into the other world, the crafty King bided his time.

The priests were in a quandary. They wanted to kill the King, but they most emphatically did not want to kill Far-li-Mas. What raconteur in all Kordofan could possibly fill his place after e was gone? Yet, according to e inexorable custom of the land, they must obey the King's wish and kill whomsoever he desired to have accompany him in death.

So they kept putting off the double execution. And, in the meantime, they simply gorged themselves on the stories of Far-li-Mas. Never before had he risen to such heights in hypnotizing priests. So enthralled were they that they entirely forgot to observe the course of the stars and said no more about killing King Akaf. Gathered at the feet of Far-li-Mas, they little by little came to scoff at the old king-killing custom. And King Akaf profited eventually so much from this change of view that he not only managed to keep alive himself, but got his people to turn upon the priests and kill them! And great was the honor of Far-li-Mas in the land of Kordofan.

In the stories of Far-li-Mas collected by Frobenius a number of the plots utilized in the Arabian Nights recur in more or less similar form. Differences also are noticeable, especially when it comes to religious matters. In the African tales everything having to do with the Mohammedan religion naturally disappears, to be replaced by incidents having a relation to the religious beliefs of natives of Africa. African myths are much drawn upon; for instance, there is frequent mention of strange beings of superhuman powers who feed upon human flesh.

Another noteworthy feature is the astonishing disregard for human life shown by the characters appearing in the tales. Princes who swagger through the narratives constantly order the execution of their subjects by wholesale, fathers execute their sons, the rich mete out death to the poor. A cruel company, indeed, the folk of Far-li-Mas, the African raconteur, well worthy of ranking with Bluebeard and the rest of the grim fraternity of the Thousand and One Nights.

Poor Goethe! In spite of all kinds of intensive propaganda by Goethe worshippers, conducted month after month in his native Germany, the attempt to collect sufficient funds there to preserve his house at Frankfort-on-the-Main from the ruin which threatens it have been thoroughly unsatisfactory. In Frankfort itself only 2,000,000 marks were collected, in all Germany only 40,000,000—not nearly enough for the work which must be done if the house is not to fall to pieces. It is hoped now that, in view of the failure of the attempt to have Germany in general save the renowned shrine, the German Government and the municipal authorities of Frankfort will step in and provide a permanent fund for its conservation.

HOBART RAMSAY.

Grace Ellison, the author of "An Englishwoman in Angora," which Duttons will publish shortly, has spent a great deal of time in Turkey, where she had the confidence of both English and Turkish statesmen. During the conference at Lausanne she was present in an unofficial but important capacity because of her knowledge and her ability to interpret and explain both the Turkish and the English to each other.

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By GINA LOMBROSO
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Current Magazines

IN the August Cornhill Magazine Anthony M. Ludovici continues his "Personal Reminiscences of Auguste Rodin." He has many interesting things to tell about Rodin's methods of work, his home life, his love of music and literature and of his religious beliefs. Like most artists who have achieved anything worth while, Rodin was a believer in hard work rather than inspiration. Of this Mr. Ludovici writes:

> In view of this conscientiousness, which was proverbial, it will surprise no one to hear that Rodin distrusted so-called "moments of inspiration." The rigorous honesty of his scientific mind caused him to fear precisely that which the romantic artist most ardently covets and waits for: the exalted mood, the lambent eyes, and the quivering nostril of creative passion. With the artists who rely on such attacks of frenzy and produce their masterpieces as if some higher power were whispering in their ear, directing their judgment and guiding their hand, Rodin had no more sympathy than if he had been a city financier. Like the celebrated actor, Coquelin Aîné, he was convinced that great artistic feats were only possible through knowledge and a perfect understanding of the technique of the art he mastered.
>
> "Inspired moments," he would say, "by inducing a condition akin to intoxication, may cause the artist to forget the very principles on which the adequate interpretation of his idea most certainly depends." If, therefore, Rodin seemed at times to exaggerate his modeling, or to leave rough excrescences of clay upon his figures, as if in the hurry of exaltation and inspired fervor, we should always remember that these artifices were all deliberate and completely conscious, and that he would have scorned to find, as the romantic artist frequently does in his more sober moments of reflection, that his work contained either more or less than he had actually intended to put into it. "Sculpture is an art of hollows and projections" (*de creux et de bosses*), he repeated again and again, and one of the fundamental rules of his technique was that these hollows and projections should be calmly and coldly determined, and that their intensification, if such were needed, should be the outcome rather of deliberation than of chance.

In The August Dial Louis Wilkinson discusses "Sir James Barrie: Confectioner and Parlor-Magician." The opening and closing paragraphs give, in condensed form, his estimate of the author of "Sentimental Tommy."

> Sir James Barrie is related, with peculiar intimacy, to the mind and the emotions, to the naïvetés and idealisms of the American and British public. He loves easy, pretty illusions, and so does the average Anglo-Saxon. As an anodyne for those modern discontents that are the besetting virtues of our introspective serious writers and readers he has been found invaluable. From the "unpleasant truths" of Shaw and Galsworthy and Wells the patron of the circulating library turns in relief to warm and cheer his heart with the agreeable fantasies, the dainty make-believes, the harmless, friendly humor of this Scotch sentimentalist.
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> But the author of Mary Rose and Peter Pan is not a negligible figure. He serves a purpose. In a rather curious and quite illuminating way he shows what comes of that kind of fancy that does not strike deep roots in heart or head. He shows us make-believe and whimsy falling just short of imagination, sentiment just missing romance, humor ranging just outside the arena of laughing philosophy. He has never felt passion, nor poetry's "wand-like touch," and so, for all his success, he fails; fails, in all his pleasantness and prettiness, in all his sterile charm.

There is a timely editorial in the August number of the Catholic World on the subject of "Taking a Vacation." The writer of it maintains that the quality of a man's soul may be judged by his manner of taking relaxation. For example:

> If he can sit for hours upon the sands at the ocean, reveling with a kind of divine delight at the sight of the sea and the sound of the breaking and swishing of the waves; if he experiences a sense of awe, if his tongue is stilled and his heart is full when he contemplates the godlike infinitude of the ocean, then we know that he "has a soul." But if he cannot enjoy the ocean without a "boardwalk" and crowds, crowds, crowds of flashy people clad in bizarre and daring styles; if the bright lights and the orgiastic excitement of a cabaret can lure him away from a moonlit sea, then we know his spiritual limitations perhaps as well as if we heard his general confession.
>
> Or if a man goes to the mountains but spends his time in the smoking room or bowling alley or the poolroom of a Summer hotel; if a woman sits all day on a porch, face to face with a panorama of amazing grandeur, yet spends her time in gossip or the listless reading of the salacious stories of a popular magazine, one need ask no questions. The character of these people stands revealed.

The August Harper's Bazar is a Children's Fashion Number, but there is no dearth of fashion articles for those of maturer years. In addition to these we find the opening chapters of a novel by Struthers Burt entitled "The Interpreter's House," an instalment of Cosmo Hamilton's "Another Scandal," a one-act play, "The Importance of Being a Woman," by Rachel Crothers, and three short stories, "Mrs. Briggs at Deauville" by Edith O'Shaughnessy; "Melodrama," by Rita Weiman, and "The Enforced Cheat," by Gouverneur Morris.

Know Thyself is a new magazine published at Girard, Kan., under the editorship of William J. Fielding and E. Haldeman-Julius. The first number (September) contains seven articles by William J. Fielding and one by E. Haldeman-Julius.

Those who have seen the sculptures of Constantin Brancusi and wondered what they meant may possibly receive some enlightenment from the article on "Constantin Brancusi. A Summary of Many Conversations," by M. M., in the July issue of The Arts. Here is the opening paragraph:

> The work of Constantin Brancusi is the expression of a cosmogonic conception. Like the sculptors of the Middle Ages who put into their art their meditation, their prayer and all the hope of their lives, Brancusi puts into his sculpture the philosophic system of a modern monist and the spirit of the philosophy of an old Taoist. His art absorbs all his intellectual life.

The first September number of the Ace-High Magazine contains a complete novel, "The Manhunter," by H. Bedford-Jones, the fifth instalment of W. Bert Foster's seven-part novel, "Not by a Dam Site," an article on "Nevada—State of the Golden Lode," by Harold Hersey, and eight short stories of adventure.

The August Atlantic Monthly opens with Woodrow Wilson's "The Road Away from Revolution," which has already been much discussed. Philip Cabot follows with a record of personal experiences under the heading "The Conversion of a Sinner." "Things Irish" are discussed by Mary E. L. Hennigan in "The Plain Irish People," and by Samuel McChord Crothers in "Listening in on the Irish Question." Ian D. Colvin writes of "The New Prime Minister" and E. T. Raymond of "The British Cabinet and Its Implications." There are stories by Margaret Prescott Montague and Edward Yeomans, poems by Margaret Sherwood and Sara Teasdale and "A Note on the Soliloquy" by Brander Mathews. "Feminism in Nyassaland," by Hans Couldenhove, and "The Literature of Disillusion," by Helen McAfree, are other noteworthy features.

"What You Don't Know About Your Dog" is the title of an informative article by Albert Payson Terhune in the August Country Life. Mr. Terhune explains why a dog turns around before he lies down, why he bolts his food, why he buries a bone, why he pants, why he runs after passing vehicles and many other habits of our canine friends. A few of the other features in this issue are: "Some American Golfers I Have Met," by Cecil Leitch; "Fundamental Swimming Strokes," by George H. Corsan; "Lawn Tennis for Women," by Elizabeth Ryan; "On Horseback to Health," by Major Jerome W. Howe, and "American Thoroughbreds," by C. J. FitzGerald.

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Lesser and Happier Austria

(Continued from Page 1)

has a fourth of New York's population spread out over four times New York's area. Such poverty as it hides in its back streets is a decent, cleanly poverty of white-faced, quiet children, of frightened middle-class families facing submergence among the very poor, of bitter, dependent old age whose lifetime savings, a small fortune of a few thousand crowns, is not now enough to buy a cup of coffee.

I went to half a dozen of the relief agencies that have been working overtime in Vienna for the last five years, close to the misery that made the once proud Austria a mendicant among the nations. They had heart-wringing tales to tell, tales that have already wrung the heart of America. But all the foreign agencies were closing down, leaving the funds they had left to tide over local charities for the next year or two, or restricting their work to a special class; the A. R. A. has merged into the Commonwealth Fund, for relieving the need of the intellectual and professional classes, and the Society of Friends is remaining to distribute another American fund for the same purpose.

I visited some of the public food kitchens, where 15,000 of the new poor are "guests" on what is left of the relief funds. I saw tons of American flour and foodstuffs, the legacy of the A. R. A., carefully packed in the spacious storerooms of the former Emperor, provision against the hard Winter that still faces the jobless and the underpaid of Vienna. I watched in the well-equipped imperial kitchens American food being prepared for underfed children and for distribution to impoverished middle-class families. It still takes two and a half tons of flour a day to supply bread to the breadless in gay Vienna. In a long bare room in the same royal palace I lunched with 400 Viennese professors, and enjoyed less than they, I think, the meal spread by American charity before the most intellectual men in one of the most intellectual cities in the world.

These professors receive the equivalent of from $20 to $40 a month. Twenty dollars goes further in Austria than it does in the United States, but it hardly goes twice as far, and when it is remembered that the same amounts represent the pay of the higher grades of public officials, up to the rank of Colonel in the army, for instance, and is the most that a professional man, a scientist, an artist, musician, or any "intellectual" can earn, it is evident that no one can look very deep into the middle-class Austria without discovering tragedy.

Ten years ago I watched a bread line in Vienna I shall never forget—a mullen, silent march of workingmen and their families protesting against the prohibitive price of bread. Today, if such a demonstration took place around the Ringstrasse, the marchers would be of a different class. The handworkers have their bread and a little butter, and the brain-workers are hungry. But genteel poverty does not parade. It sits at home and starves, as the intellectual classes did in Vienna until an American civic organization, the Rochester Patriotic and Community Fund, first found them out.

Yet, even when one has glimpsed the worst misery cowering behind the brave front Vienna wears, there still persists that first strong impression of a people naturally gay recovering its gayety. I have it on the highest authority that, thanks to the various relief organizations and the improvement of conditions generally, no one need go hungry in Austria today. The starvation danger is over. A survey would probably reveal more widespread but no more desperate poverty in Vienna than in London or New York. Unemployment is less. Housing is easier. Food is dearer, but as plentiful. Indeed, there may be noticed an inclination, perhaps premature, to speed the loitering relief worker from foreign parts. The people deeply appreciate what he has done. They understand that the soft charm of Vienna and the attractions of a life of good works tempt him to linger. But they intimate that it is time for him to go. They say in effect:

We can never thank you enough for what you have done for us and for all you have taught us about efficiency in charity. But you will understand that we cannot have appeals for assistance in the countries that have subscribed for our loan. It would embarrass the Government. We are trying to put ourselves back on a self-supporting basis, and to do that we must dispense as much as possible with outside aid. We are not sure that we can; but we must try. We shall never forget your generosity. Some day, when we are a little better off, we mean to put up a fine monument to those who saved Austria in her dark hour. For the present we thank you again. And is this the right hat?

I came to Austria from a country engaged in becoming the Greater Italy, and under considerable strain in living up to her own expectations. It is strenuous work for the most ambitious nation to keep an uncertain foothold as a great power. It requires vigilance and a good deal of nerve and noise. It is rather restful to leave the Greater Italy for the Lesser Austria, and to find one country in the world which, for the moment at least, has put away ambition and accepts a humble place as a small and unimportant State. Austria is so stripped that nobody has any designs upon her or any fear of her encroachments. Before they turned her over to the League of Nations last year as a bad job, Italy and Czechoslovakia looked over this remnant of an empire and decided there was no salvage in it for either of them. It is a country with nothing left to fight for or to fight with. One misses the color and dash of what was the most ornamental army in Europe. Night life in Vienna can never again be what it was without those gold-braided hussars, those swaggering capes of white and emerald green and sky blue that decorated the old Bristol after the opera. The Viennese belles can never again preen and sparkle as they did to the gallantry of those irresistible cavaliers. But think of the economy of supporting only 30,000 plain soldiers on a continent clanking with expensive cavalry! The only military in Vienna are the policemen, and they are as unobtrusive as possible.

If more nations knew the peace and security of being small and uncoveted, others might enjoy Austria's cheerful detachment. She has little to gain, and nothing more to lose, from the tense struggles going on around her. Her attitude toward her old friend Germany is curiously disinterested. Perhaps she cherishes a secret satisfaction in being better off, for once, than the dominating partner who led her into so much mischief. Perhaps there is some cold comfort in being no longer the only empire the war reduced to dust.

I am convinced that the happy state of dispossession is one of the causes of Austria's apparent serenity. She is no much happier than those who still struggle against retribution! The prime cause is of course simpler and more obvious. Austria is recovering because she is taking a "cure." She is in the state of mind of a convalescent who comes out into the sun from the shadow of death, and finds life good on any terms and all its functions fresh and wonderful. The League of Nations has performed the same miracle in Austria that Mussolini has worked in Italy. It has restored a nation's confidence in herself. The assurance that France, England, Italy and Czechoslovakia believed in the resources of Austria to the extent of guaranteeing 80 per cent. of a big emergency loan, and that the international bankers were willing to bet real money on her recovery, providing she was put on a strict regimen for two years by a League of Nations commission, acted like a life-giving tonic on the dying. And the news that the American part of the Austrian loan was taken up in half an hour in New York—supposed to have no faith in the League and therefore showing the more confidence in Austria—made her sit up begin to plan and work for the future.

"Are you doing anything to make Austria permanently solvent? Can her resources be developed to the point of entire self-support; and when?" I asked Dr. Zimmermann, the experienced Dutch administrator engaged by the League of Nations as business manager for bankrupt Austria. It is a job new in the history of the world, a difficult but exciting experiment in internationalism challenging a continent in a welter of nationalism. The clear-eyed and forceful Burgomaster of Rotterdam fully realizes his unique opportunity as the trustee of a nation. He is keen, tactful and impartial, a financial expert who translates figures, not too literally, into economic and human facts.

"Austria can be and is being made self-supporting by the intensification of her agriculture and the development of her water power to take the place of coal," he answered. "Great projects for water power development are already under way. The first stretch of railroad run by electricity will be opened this Fall. The Government monopolies of tobacco and salt both show a profit. The railroads are run at a loss, but are being reorganized; they will still belong to the State, but with the advantages and economy of private direction. Austria's stabilized exchange, the only stabilized currency in Europe east of Holland, and the fact that she is being run on a business basis, is bringing in investors. The savings banks deposits show that for the first time in years the people are beginning to save. Nobody could save or invest while the crown that was worth a cent one day might be worth the seventieth of a cent the next. For six months now the crown has been worth about 70,000 to the dollar. It will not fall, and it must rise very gradually. Any sudden rise would be disastrous to the Government, on account of its taxation requirements, to Austria's ability to market its products and to the stability the country is so faithfully striving for.

"What you see in this country today," added Dr. Zimmermann, "is not so much recovery as the hope of recovery. And it is by hope that nations live, and of despair that they die."

Seventy thousand kronen to a dollar is not, to the outlander, a currency value to celebrate with feasting and song. But one learns that to fix exchange at any figure over here is an achievement, particularly in Austria, where wood pulp is one of the few national resources, where it is unpatriotic to use anything but paper napkins, for instance, and the temptation to go on printing paper into money was hard to resist. It does not really matter, for interior trading purposes, whether you call an Austrian paper note 10,000 kronen or a dime. All that matters is that it remains a dime and that there are enough dimes to pay the rent and satisfy the butcher. A year ago fantastic values were bought for Austria's fantastic currency. Now Vienna is only comparatively cheap. The bunch of paper you buy for a $100 melts away nearly as fast as a $100 does anywhere.

Is it any wonder, with visitors flocking to buy goods, with bankers bidding for their loan, with the crown stabilized, with no army to support, with a good Government bent on economy, with the whole League of Nations concentrating on their welfare, is it any wonder that the Viennese have recovered the gayety that made them famous? They apologize for the shabbiness of their beautiful city, for ten years unpainted, ungilded, unrepaired. They mourn over their unkempt gardens, their faded brocades. They sigh over their dismemberment. But they waste no tears over the monarchy, the army, the old imperial régime. I have met no one in Vienna who would exchange Chancellor Seipel, in his shiny black coat and clerical collar—the strong man of the Government, one of the few statesmen in Europe—for any Emperor.

The League of Nations has satisfied nobody. It has not worked the wonders expected by its friends or let loose the horrors hoped for by its enemies. But it has done about the best job in Europe since the war in turning one of the blackest spots into one of the brightest in less than a year.

So Vienna, these midsummer nights, begins to sing, a little quaveringly, in her gardens. Her dark back streets are full of the kind of poverty that keeps curtains at the windows and sells the furniture. All her pianos are out of tune and all her walls need paper and paint. Every one between the bankers and war profiteers and the laboring classes is starkly poor. The tense and shabby crowds around every window whereon is pasted the day's stock and bond reports give pathetic proof of the desperate anxiety of the small investor. It is a beaten people which has acknowledged defeat and taken its punishment, but a people over the worst and beginning to live and hope and make friends again.

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"Yes! We Have No Bananas"

(Continued from Page 8)

a dress. While the setting suffices, the original idea was not musical but verbal.

What is the musical opinion on the song?

The psychologist does not dismiss "Bananas" with the remark that psychology pertains to the study of mind. Nor does the musician say contemptuously that music is a matter of esthetics. He has as much the scientific attitude toward "Bananas" as the psychologist.

Here, for example, is Rossetter Cole of Chicago, a composer, editor, writer on music, thrice President of the Music Teachers' National Association and now in New York as head of the music department in Columbia University's Summer session.

He has, moreover, no doctrinaire dislike of jazz as such, but admits his respect for good examples because of their value as rhythm and the freedom of the voices.

Dr. Cole looks at "Bananas" and says:

"The appeal is not musical. This song has no distinction as jazz, though it has more melody than most. As a rule, they appeal through the words: the jingle, the love appeal and so forth. They catch the mass ear. Some like them and the rest have to."

Is the mass ear of today better attuned to the honk of motor horns than to other sounds? If "Bananas" has not struck into the heart of the land, it has played over the entire surface. Has it any of the qualities of the songs which are fostered by peoples?

Ask Miss Emnia Howells Burchenal, who, with her sister, Elisabeth Burchenal, has studied, edited and translated the folk songs of thirty-three languages, European and Asiatic.

"I have never found any folksong as inane as this," she says. "When they are silly they have a childish silliness, with lots of 'Tra-la-la's' and exclamations. They keep that even when they are passed on through generations, like other folk-songs."

"Bananas" may belong to a metallic age. It would never do played on a cembalo or a spinet. But it won't last generations. Inquire in Tin Pan Alley, where the try-outs of new songs sound like a riot of radios, and the forecast is for perhaps a quarter year more.

"Any judge of music can tell a good song from a rotten one, but nobody can tell the difference between a good song and a great one." says Louis Bernstein of Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., publishers of "Bananas."

"It isn't customary to advance more than $200 on a song, to a known composer, but I advanced $1,000 on this. Frank Silver and Irving Cohn wrote it. It was their first song. They were playing in a dance orchestra. They tried 'Bananas' and the dancers hummed it. It started to take right there.

"It was something new: a novel idea, a humorous title. For three or four years the public had been hearing Southern and sentimental songs.

"Now there's a frightful rush of idiotic songs. There are all sorts of imitations of 'Bananas.' But they haven't taken hold."

When "Bananas" started the music market was off. This song is said to have come near cornering it. It is doing one constructive service to the trade, however; the inroads of radio were unknown. This big hit will come close to taking a census.

There have been bigger sellers. "The Beautiful Ohio Waltz," started three years ago, sold 3,250,000 copies and graduated into the class of steady sellers, with twenty years' life ahead of it. "Alexander's Ragtime Band" had foreign sales alone of 1,400,000. The era of big sales started when "After the Ball," dug out channels of national distribution, that was the first song that could be bought everywhere. Then Maginty went down to the bottom of the sea dressed in his best Sunday clothes and Casey waltzed with the strawberry blond and east side, west side people asked where did you get that hat. From that era the popular song reaches forward through "A Hot Time" and "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" and "Go As Far As You Like With Me," and it reaches backward to "The Ladies All Declared" and "Aaron, Aaron, I've Been Thinking," which was played adagio while our grandmothers danced in stately pantalettes, and before that were the chap books. Beside this current runs that of "Casey Jones," which will be included when some future Percy compiles the Reliques of America.

But there is only one "Bananas." You can analyze it, but you cannot make another like it that has the breath of life, even shop-counter life. In esthetics, on however ragged and remote an edge, synthesis cannot produce even a popular song. For which, at least, the 2.7 per cent. minority can give thanks.

Women in Industry

WOMEN IN ENGLISH ECONOMIC HISTORY. By F. W. Tickner. Illustrated. 236 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

THE simple, pleasant and readable style in which this little book is written does not prevent it from being historically accurate and presenting a great deal of interesting and important matter. The author has been for some time a keen student of the developments of England on other than political lines, and is favorably known by the excellence of a previous volume on the "Social and Industrial History of England." His studies have therefore peculiarly qualified him to tell the story of the share women have had in the making of the working England. The style in which the book is written, although otherwise graphic and interesting, is marred by an intellectual condescension, an evident effort to be comprehendable by all and sundry, that ought to be, and probably is, distinctly irritating even to young minds. The book may have been written especially for younger readers, since it does show this quality, which British authors are so apt to display when they write for young people. But older ones who are not versed in the story of England's social and economic past will find gathered into its pages from a great number and wide variety of sources an immense mass of interesting and illuminating information.

Beginning with the England of the Middle Ages, in the eleventh century, the author portrays briefly but vividly the place which women took in those early times in the nation's work in both town and country, among both the poor and the gentlefolk. This makes necessary considerable depiction of the social and economic conditions of the time. Throughout the book, and making one of the important reasons for its excellence, there is this clear and graphic background of the general life of the time, against which is described in more detail woman's economic relation to and share in it. The changes that came about in the fifteenth century with the dawning of the Renaissance brought to the women of England a new phase of work in the system of domestic industry that prevailed for three centuries or more. Notwithstanding all the sentiment that has been wasted on that period by those writers who are bitter against the evils of the industrial system which followed it, the array of facts brought forward by Mr. Tickner shows that it was less brutal only because it had less opportunity. Its story is an appalling picture of the sacrifice of the innocents, by the side of which the tribute to Moloch seems humane because it gave immediate death. But conditions more horrible still developed with the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century. The author describes them, as being a part of the background of woman's share in the economic life of the time, with such brief, simple and bare phraseology as makes them even more shocking. Following the story on down to the present, there is a comprehensive account of the part Englishwomen took in the World War by their labor, and the author looks forward to the changes in economic life indicated by present tendencies with expectation that they will produce still another turn in the evolution of the industrial status of women.

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Books and Authors

THE first volume of "The Cambridge Ancient History," announced by Macmillans, deals with Egypt and Babylonia up to 1580 B. C. This work, which is to be completed in eight volumes, is edited by J. B. Bury, M. A., F. B. A.; S. A. Cook, Litt. D., and F. E. Adcock, M. A.

"The Decisive Battles of Modern Times" is the title of a book by Lieut. Col. F. E. Whitton, C. M. G., which Houghton Mifflin will bring out late in August. Colonel Whitton has selected Vicksburg, Königgrätz, Mars-La-Tour, Tsushima and the Marne as the "decisive" battles, and he tells the story of each, explaining why he considers it decisive. Colonel Whitton is one of England's most distinguished military critics and author of "The Marne Campaign."

"The Singing Bone," by R. Austin Freeman, author of "The Vanishing Man," is a detective story that is different. The reader is told in the beginning who committed the crime, and the interest of the story lies in the manner in which the detective pieces together the clues. It will be published toward the end of August by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Cane," by Jean Toomer, announced for late August publication by Boni & Liveright, is a book by a negro about negroes. It is made up of short stories, genre pictures, poems and plays, and has an introduction by Waldo Frank.

Henry Miller Rideout's novel "Barbry," which appeared serially in The Saturday Evening Post, is to be brought out in book form this Fall by Duffield.

Don Marquis, so his publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., inform us, is planning a trip abroad with the "Old Soak" as a traveling companion. They expect to spend a month in Paris, making an exhaustive study of the American bar there.

Charles Boardman Hawes, author of "Gloucester by Land and Sea" (Little, Brown & Co.), died on July 10, two days before the book was published. He was born at Clifton Springs, N. Y., thirty-four years ago and was a graduate of Bowdoin College. After leaving college he became associate editor of the Youth's Companion, a position which he later resigned in order to devote himself to the writing of adventure stories. He was the author of "The Mutineers" and "The Great Quest." He made his home in Gloucester, and the material for his latest book was gathered during the years he lived there. In 1916 he married Dorothea Cable, the daughter of George W. Cable, the novelist. He is survived by his widow and two sons. "The Dark Frigate," a new seventeenth century pirate story by Mr. Hawes, will be published this Fall by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Ernita Lascelles is the author of "The Sacrificial Goat," which Boni & Liveright will publish in September. It is said that the principal character in the book bears a striking resemblance to George Bernard Shaw, although Miss Lascelles refuses to admit that she had Shaw in mind when she wrote it.

Clara Dennison Loomis has written the life of her father, Henry Loomis, who went to Japan as a missionary in the days when Japan was not only pagan, but definitely hostile to Christianity. The book is published by Revell.

Another Ma-Jung book is on the market, "Snyder's Ma-Jung Manual," published by Houghton Mifflin. Snyder, it will be noted, spells it "Ma-Jung," while some authorities make it "Mah-Jong." Still others call the game "Pung-Chow" or "Po-Ling." If there is as much diversity in the playing of the game as there is in its nomenclature, its popularity is easily accounted for.

"The China Year Book for 1923," edited by H. G. W. Woodhead, which the Duttons have ready for immediate publication, is packed full of valuable information about China. Manufactures, railways, telegraphs, wireless, Post Offices, customs, recent medical progress, the opium traffic and the anti-narcotic campaign are some of the subjects treated, and there is a Chinese "Who's Who" which provides a hundred pages of data concerning important living Chinese. Mr. Woodhead is editor of the Peking and Tientsin Times and a long-time resident of China and student of Chinese affairs and conditions.

Gertrude Atherton writes to her publishers, Boni & Liveright, that she will henceforth make San Francisco her headquarters. She plans, however, to spend three months of every Winter in New York.

In "Western Mysticism," just published by Duttons, Dom Cuthbert Butler, Benedictine monk of Downside Abbey, discusses the teachings of Saints Augustine, Gregory and Bernard on contemplation and the contemplative life.

C. C. Froude's "Right Food the Right Remedy," published here by Brentano's, is to be brought out in England by Methuen, Limited.

The third volume of the "Memoirs of William Hickey" has just been published by Knopf. In it the st. of this scapegrace is brought down to the year 1790, beginning with a journey round the Cape and relating his experiences in Ceylon and the East Indies. There is still another volume to come.

"The Blood of the Conquerors," an earlier novel by Harvey Fergusson, author of "Capitol Hill" (Knopf), has just been translated into Swedish and published by the famous firm of Norstedt.

Labrador's famous missionary doctor, Wilfred T. Grenfell, is the author of a book of short stories entitled "Northern Neighbors: Stories of the Labrador People," which is announced for publication on Aug. 24 by Houghton Mifflin. The stories are all based on his own experiences in Labrador.

The University of Chicago Press has just issued a volume entitled "The Worker in Modern Economic Society," by Paul H. Douglas, Curtice N. Hitchcock and Willard E. Atkins, all members of the Faculty of the School of Commerce and Administration at the University of Chicago. The book was designed primarily as a text for introductory or general survey courses in the field of labor.

Vernon Kellogg, who is a Director of the National Research Council and author of several books on scientific subjects, has completed a book on "Mind and Heredity," which the Princeton University Press will publish early in the Fall. The volume consists of a series of articles on such topics as "Intelligence and Reason," "The Inheritance of Mind," "Intelligence Tests" and "Racial Mental Traits and Immigration."

Vicente Blasco Ibáñez will arrive in New York in October, this being the first stage of a tour of the world, taking in China, Japan and India. He expects to return to Spain in the Spring of 1924. Ibáñez's latest novel, "The Temptress," has just been published by Duttons.

Edison Marshall's new novel, "The Land of Forgotton Men," scheduled for mid-August publication by Little, Brown & Co., is a tale of romance and adventure in Northwestern Alaska.

Lord Charnwood, whose biography of Abraham Lincoln is considered by many to be the best ever written, has completed a biographical study of Theodore Roosevelt, which the Atlantic Monthly Press will publish in October.

"Nameless River" is the title of a new novel by Virgie E. Roe, to be published in September by Duffield. It is a story of Oklahoma, and describes scenes familiar to the author since childhood, for she was brought up in Oklahoma and learned to ride a horse almost as soon as she learned to walk.

Joseph C. Lincoln, whose latest novel, "Doctor Nye," Appletons will bring out late in August, is motoring in England, Scotland and Wales. He writes to his publishers:

(Continued on Following Page)

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Books and Authors

(Continued from Preceding Page)

"We are doing our democratic best to keep level with royalty. On Wednesday the King and Queen were in Edinburgh. So were we. Last week the Prince of Wales played on the Ainmouth links. I played on them today. The Prince—so they say—played rather poorly. I played his game. So, as you see, Cape Cod and Windsor are neck and neck."

Valentine Williams, who wrote "The Man With the Clubfoot," "The Yellow Streak" and "Island Gold," has produced another story of mystery and adventure in "The Orange Divan," which Houghton Mifflin will publish shortly.

"Cupid and Mr. Pepys," which Stokes will bring out in September, is described as a romance of the days of the great diarist. Many of the characters in it will be familiar to readers of Pepys's "Diary."

"The Nuptial Flight," a new novel by Edgar Lee Masters, of Spoon River fame, will be published toward the end of August by Boni & Liveright.

George Barr McCutcheon's new novel, "Oliver October," is scheduled for publication on Aug. 25 by Dodd, Mead. Readers of Mr. McCutcheon's other novels will not be surprised to learn that this one deals with mystery, adventure and love.

Former President Woodrow Wilson's brief essay on "The Road Away From Revolution," which appears in the August Atlantic Monthly, is being brought out in book form by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Four volumes have just been added by Putnams to the Loeb Classical Library. The new titles are: "The Geography of Strabo," Vol. II.; "Hippocrates," Vol. I.; "Polybius—The Historians," Vol. III., and "Cicero—De Senectute, De Amicitia, De Divinatione."

Leopold Auer, teacher of Elman, Heifetz and other great violinists, has written his memoirs, and they will be published in September by Stokes under the title, "My Long Life in Music." Professor Auer tells of his experiences as a teacher and conductor and of the many interesting people he has met during his long career as a musician.

Working Wives of the West

(Continued from Page 4)

come of $10,000 a year—an agreeable enough income for a young couple in most places—but not in the mid-Western city of 300,000 which has no machinery whereby these distinctly nice young women, scattered over its boulevards and avenues and duplexes, can discover each other.

The only already organized social group which they would find culturally compatible is that first One Hundred. They are not even in wig-wag distance. The middle-class world that is all about does not speak their language. Quiveringly they feel that their nerves will split if they hear one more motor-drawl, nut sundae fed, fat woman laugh or scream, "Come here, June," to playful junior.

In the office world at last they find contacts that do not affect the sensibilities like satin rubbed crosswise. Here they encounter the male of the species of the first One Hundred "looking after his interests." Here they meet up with the keen minds of the men of the Three Hundred, builders of wealth instead of inheritors. Here Mr. Babbitt ceases his troubling of the sensibilities. His "you bet chu's" are rather pleasing to the ears, when he is assuring you of the delivery of an order. The present writer has found him a most likable citizen, when he is "functioning" as a worker, instead of expanding as a host on bootleg gin or over Sunday midday roast.

Here in the office world—and here alone—the working wives can snap their fingers at the mighty Moloch of mid-Western society. Those are the social doors that at last swung open to Alice Adams.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A jury of eleven artists—sculptors, craftsmen, painters and critics—picked this, the design of Miss Mary Bishop, as the lamp combining the most beautiful proportions, harmonious tones and practicable design of all those at the Art Alliance of America's exhibition of 1923.

For Oil, Gas, or Electricity

The base is cast in Medallium, of rich, statuary bronze finish, which not only allows the artist's delicately refined contours and gracefully proportioned masses to be faithfully preserved in their charming simplicity, but also insures their permanency. The shade, designed as a unit with the lamp, is in tones of grey-gold-brown graded into ivory brown—chosen by Miss Bishop to carry her scheme of color harmony—with deep, rich, brown stripes toward the bottom of the flare, and edges bound with strips of dull brass. The whole lamp stands 16½ inches high to top of shade; the shade is 13 inches in diameter.

Why the Decorative Arts League Spent $2500 for One Lamp in Order to Sell Replicas of It for Only $5.90 Each

Long before "Main Street" was written with its withering sarcasms for the commonplace furnishings of many American homes—back in 1920, in fact—the Decorative Arts League had set on foot a movement to win the interest of talented artists back to the designing of things for everyday use in the home, as they did in olden days, and to place such artistic creations easily within the reach of those who appreciate them.

How successful the effort has been is now history.

First came the now famous Victory Lamp with a special shade by Franklin Booth. Then the Fraser Bas-Relief of Roosevelt. Then Aurora, the exquisite boudoir or sidetable lamp. Then the Muller-Popoff Floor Lamp, the Lincoln Book Ends, the Grecian Candle Sticks, the E. de Forest Curtis pottery, and so on.

More and more the better class of artists were won over. More and more discerning people had themselves registered on the League's list of corresponding members.

The Growth of Appreciation.

Then came an insistent call for a medium sized table lamp to equal in charm these other pieces. The inharmonious proportions and lack of perfect balance in so many table lamps manufactured from factory designs, or constructed inexpertly out of vases, and which had before either passed unnoticed or been accepted philosophically, had now begun to manifest themselves more painfully after the restfulness of perfect balance and proportions, as found in the Muller-Popoff Lamps, had once been felt.

Eminent artists were consulted. Sculptors were induced to lay aside their bigger works for a time and try their hands at lamp models, painters to sketch designs and color schemes, interior decorators and architects to make suggestions. But though many brilliant ideas were forthcoming, no single, supreme design for general practicability was produced.

Then the Art Alliance of America was interested. It proposed a great national exhibition, open to artists everywhere, large enough cash awards to be offered to attract the finest talent, and a jury of artists and critics to select the one best design of all.

The Decorative Arts League donated $1300 for the awards to be made by the jury consisting of Mr. Albert W. Heckman, Chairman of Exhibition Committee, Art Alliance of America; Mrs. Frederick Lee Ackerman, President of the Decorators Club, New York; Mr. Richard F. Bach, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Mr. Heyworth Campbell, Art Director of Vogue; Mr. Ray Greenleaf, Art Director of Artemas Ward, Inc.; Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt, Sculptress; Mr. Francis C. Jones, Artist; Miss Maude Mason, Craftsman and Painter; Mr. John Laird, Jr., of Decorative Arts League; Mr. Angus S. Macdonald, of Decorative Arts League; Mr. W. Frank Purdy, Director of the School of American Sculpture.

How Artists Responded

Over 250 Artists entered the competition, from 26 different states and provinces. 307 different designs were submitted. Though all were beautiful, many of them surpassingly so, the final verdict went unanimously to the lamp of Miss Mary Bishop (illustrated above), and she received the Blue Ribbon and Grand Prize of $600.00.

And thus was secured for the League, at a total expense of something over $2500, the one design for a table lamp unmistakably supreme for its purpose.

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The Honorable Company of Pilots

(Continued from Page 15)

law, Charles Arnold, was one of four men lost when the pilot boat Columbia, Augustus Van Pelt's boat, was sunk by a steamer in 1883. Harry Arnold, a pilot today, is a son of Charles. Another of the family was Daniel Jones, a cousin of the Van Pelts of today. He, too, was one of four lost in a single boat, the Enchantress, which was among the five pilot boats wrecked in the great blizzard of 1888 while on duty. An eighth pilot from this name family is H. A. MacIntosh, Frank Van Pelt's nephew.

In the first group of pilots appointed by the State in 1837 was Theophilus Beebe. His son, James D. M. Beebe, served as pilot fifty-five years. The list of active pilots in the New York association today contains the names of George W. Beebe and Franklin B. Beebe, while the New Jersey association includes Allen, Alonzo, Charles, Howard and James D. Beebe.

There are four Woods on the lists, active and inactive. Nathan Wood now 87, retired in 1917. He saved many a life in his forty-seven years of service. Once, in February, 1884, the pilot boat Favorite No. 5 was struck by the steamer City of Port au Prince. He was injured, but crawled through a jagged hole in his boat and stuck to the job of piloting till port was made. Then he went to a hospital. Joseph Wood, pilot, is his son.

The Akerman, Hall, Peterson and Winters families have contributed three or four members apiece to the craft and there are eight or ten other families which have given at least two. Sometimes the toll in a single family is heavy. There were the Baudiers, Frederick and Alfred; the latter died of heart disease on the steamer Nevada a month and a day after the other was drowned from the pilot boat Isaac Webb 8.

By way of contrast in the 1860s there was a pilot who went to sea regularly in a silk hat. Once he boarded a vessel and was made prisoner. She was the confederate privateer, Tallahasse.

The loss of the Edward Cooper is a classic story of the sailboat period. After cruising outside for a week, she was dismasted in a storm on Christmas Day, 1892. The mainboom was snapped off and took the mainmast with it; there was a pounding sea and the wreckage held fast by rigging, cut the foremast off ten feet from the deck. The nine men aboard—two of them pilots—worked in ice-covered débris to make a drag. A great hole had been smashed in the deck. The situation was black. Then the steamer Marengo came by chance. Hours of work got seven men off the Cooper. The pilot boat was going to pieces fast. Thomas Marks, pilot, and one hand were still aboard. They plugged up the damaged yawl on their vessel and got it over the side. Marks spread kerosene, made the Cooper a floating torch and took the chance. He won: the yawl floated. It took the two of them an hour to make the Marengo. And they missed their Christmas dinner.

An incident of forty years ago is perhaps unique in sea annals. The pilot boat Avery, blown helpless in a gale, was righted when the furled jib was washed loose from the bowsprit; the wind caught the head of it and ran it up the stay, doing a trick of seamanship that the crew could never have accomplished. The Avery paid her head off and righted.

The pilots' sailboats were stanch—good tools for men who knew the job of handling them. They had speed; the pilots have never forgotten that one of their number, Captain Dick Brown, sailed the yacht America when she took the cup in 1851. For years after in his piloting, he used a glass given him by Queen Victoria when she was a guest on the yacht. Captain Brown died of infection resulting from exposure on pilot duty.

There were races among the pilots, with a fee as prize. One still talked of is that between the Mary A. Williams, the William H. Bateman and the Edmund Blunt 1890, 200 miles beyond Sandy Hook. The Bateman won. The crews of the other two gave her three cheers.

But the little schooners could not overtake steamers.

When the pilots took to steam some of the sailboats became yachts and one was put in the African trade.

There were thirty boats in the fleet when the first steamboat was bought, in the middle '90s. There were more pilots then than now. Of the present fleet, the New York, of 540 tons, is the largest. The Sandy Hook is of 380 tons. She was formerly R. A. C. Smith's yacht Privateer. Then there is the apprentices' schooner as well.

The Sandy Hook cruises outside the Ambrose Light with thirty pilots aboard, some of them a week on end, and her apprentice crew (including the Captain) of twenty-one. There is a special boom and sling for lowering the yawls that take pilots to inbound ships. " Watch your chance and throw her in," is the rule in a heavy sea. They do it a hundred times a day and each time takes five seconds. Only sailors can appreciate that celerity.

The Sandy Hook comes in every ten days for stores and fuel, and her steam is always up, except when she is in dry dock.

The New York is the bar boat, cruising three miles from the New York. She picks up the pilots dropped from outbound vessels. Before her day the pilots had to depend on passing towboats. Sometimes a pilot is held up in Quarantine and sometimes he is carried across the Atlantic by chance, if it is too rough to drop him. When the Great Eastern came from England the first time a pilot was sent abroad to study her so he could bring her up the harbor. Nowadays a liner with a draught of 42 feet 6 inches is more or less a matter of course, giving less trouble than a coal-burning tramp outbound and down by the head two or three feet from the weight of her bunker coal. The oil burners ride more evenly.

All of it—stubborn ships and tides and ice and gales—is just part of the job. In the offices of the association and the clubrooms at the foot of Whitehall Street there are paintings of gallant old schooners. There are plates of house flags that tell of trade routes at home and on the other side of the world. There are mementos such as sailors give to friends: swordfish spikes, dust from ocean volcanoes, sea mice and poisoned arrows, the tooth of a polar bear beside a shark's spine. There are models of ships which would set a collector to covetous plotting. And on the wall, salvaged from some forgotten wreck, is a portrait of George Washington, whom once white-clad pilots rowed in honor to the Battery. The public may think of the pilot in the terms of Tenniel's cartoon, the most imitated work of its kind, but it is in such surrounding and not in Bismarckian statelineas that the pilot is at home when he is ashore. Let him use a steamboat on station today if he wants to: the world at large still has a special place in its heart for him, and as long as there are little boys they will continue to draw spanking sailboats with pilot boat numbers standing out bold on the canvas.

In the Land of Romanesque Art

(Continued from Page 10)

of Europe." How did these particulra characteristics travel so far? Who copied them or introduced them? To answer these and analogous questions the eight chapters of the second part of Professor Porter's work are devoted under the title " Pilgrimage Sculpture."

The discovery of what he calls " the cult of the students " was made about fifty years ago by F. Fita, who published " the itinerary of the pilgrims contained in the last part of the pseudo-Callistine codex," where

> a paper-bound pamphlet of a few badly printed pages has guided scholars toward the solution of their difficulties, much as the stars of the Milky Way reminded the medieval sinner of the road to Compostela. And the modern pilgrimages have also been illuminated with miracles. On the road to St. James M. Bédier has found the key which unlocks medieval literature. Skeptics may doubt whether the body at Compostela be that of St. James; but it is certain that there lies buried the mystery of the twelfth century.

It is tempting to cite Professor Porter's enthusiastic and poetic description of this pilgrimage, where " one feels as nowhere else, wrapped about by the beauty of the Middle Ages." The codex has never been published as a whole, but the modern architect, who should take Professor Porter as a guide and actually follow the steps of the twelfth century pilgrim or (using his text and his overwhelming battery of illustrations) sit at home and follow him in imagination, will have a treat rarely vouchsafed in a prosaic world.

Under the guidance of the writer, with Professor Porter as interpreter, we suddenly become eleventh century pilgrims setting out on the journey to Compostela. Through his eyes we see all. We learn the detail of the roads—the alternate routes, how they forked and intersected. We journey across the plains of France, the mountains and plateaux of Spain. We stop to worship at the tombs of saints along the way. Here and there we catch glimpses of great Romanesque basilicas just finished or in building. We learn the characteristics of various nations—which peoples were kindly, which treacherous, which dirty; where wine was good and where food was bad; at what places rivers could be forded, and where inns or hospices afforded shelter for the night. Finally, our author leads us into the Cathedral of Santiago; he shows us every detail of the architecture and arrangement. Through his twelfth-century eyes we see the twelfth-century basilica. We examine the sculpture in detail; he patiently explains to us the iconography. Our eyes are no longer blinded by the deceptions of eight centuries. Mystery after mystery of twelfth-century art is suddenly revealed. What had been most obscure now is evident.

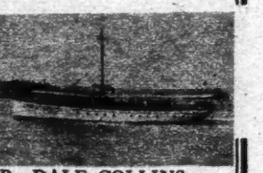
What especially interests Professor Porter, of course, is the architecture and sculpture in a series of masterworks, which largely through the efforts of Cluny, the art-loving, and then at the zenith of power and prosperity, lined the long route.

The four roads to Santiago lead, even today, past an incomparable series of medieval monuments. * * * The history of Spanish Romanesque sculpture might be graphically represented by taking a pen, full of ink, and tracing with it upon wet blotting paper the road of St. James.

He shows the intimate connection between the pilgrimage and the dissemination of Romanesque throughout Europe. Here again he is at odds with all previous writers, and fortifies his position by the most careful analyses and always with the aid of his marvelous collection of illustrations. He devotes a chapter to Moissac and Souillac, proving how art on the two sides of the frontier, the archaeologists notwithstanding, is precisely the same; another to La Puerta de las Platerias, which (depending on the twelfth century guide) he thinks has been twice rebuilt; and he makes a fascinating study of some of the known and the unknown artists who combined pilgrimages with their profession, and whose work can be traced in widely separated masterpieces. Indeed, the glamour of romance informs all the eight chapters devoted to the pilgrimage. A novel might be written on the career of the sculptor of the Camara Santa of Oviedo, that " superlatively gifted " master, who " is a comet which flashes with extraordinary brilliance across the horizon, then disappears."

To the general reader the second half of his work will prove most interesting. It has less of controversy, however essential the controversy may be, and more of a fascinating human element. To read the text volume and study all the illustrations indicated in the other nine volumes, or rather atlases—for they are enclosed without stitching—is a liberal education in sculpture and iconography and logic. No one could even begin this extraordinary work without conceiving the highest admiration for Professor Porter's knowledge, his acumen, his conscientious, scrupulous desire to get at the truth, and his minute attention to every slightest detail. As for the illustrations—they are reproduced from photographs and show every line and texture of the originals. It is indeed a monument of erudition and of enthusiastic labor.

Around the world in a motor boat



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Queries and Answers

Communications for these columns should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers, New York Times. They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as an evidence of good faith.

QUERIES

"I Am Content"

J. R. D.—Can some reader tell me the author of the following poem and if these lines are complete:

I am content,
For age upon the heart
Can never creep;
And, when at last in stillest night,
I seem to sleep,
A birthday comes to me in truth,
The gift it brings—immortal youth!

"When You and I Are Gone"

W. H. S.—Will some reader give me the complete poem containing these lines and tell me the title and author:

The world will not in grief disband
When you and I are gone;
'Twill hang out at the same old stand
When you and I are gone.

"A Mignonette Bouquet"

W. K. P.—Will you kindly tell me in which of Bret Harte's poems occur these lines:

The delicate odor of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead-and-gone bouquet
is all that tells of her story;
Yet could she think of a sweeter way, &c.

"Dear Old Well"

L. A. R. T.—Will you please locate for me the lines and the author of the poem entitled "Dear Old Well"?

"A Very Good World"

F. B. N.—Will some reader please tell me the title and the author, and give me the poem containing these lines:

'Tis a very good world to live in,
To beg and borrow and steal in;
But to worry and work and keep a man's own,
'Tis the very * * * world that was ever known.

Pomp and Ceremony

S. E. W.—Can you locate for me the verses which include these lines:

I do not care for pomp and ceremony
after I am gone,
* * * Only the love of little children, &c.

"Suffer and Be Strong"

E. T.—Can any of your readers tell me from what poem the following lines are a quotation:

And thou shalt know e'er long
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

"The Dismal Swamp"

NILES—I would like to get the complete poem entitled "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," of which the following are some of the lines:

And when on earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew;
He lay where the venomous vine doth weep,
Its deadly dew and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew.

"The End of the Road"

L. G. K.—In your issue of July 22 a correspondent sent in the poem by J. P. McEvoy entitled "The End of the Road and You." Can any one tell me when and where this poem was published by Mr. McEvoy?

"Wilkins and Dinah"

W. T. C.—Will some reader tell me where to find a song "Wilkins and Dinah," sung not later than sixty years ago?

"A Game of Chess"

L. L. L.—Will some reader please tell me the original prose source and also the author of the poem in which the devil is represented as playing a game of chess with a man for his soul.

"Fate"

A. M. F.—Will some reader tell me the author of the following lines which are from the poem called "Fate":

They walked through the sunlit summery weather,
Two maids and a youth, 'neath the skies of blue,
And each of the three as they walked together
Are secretly wishing there were but two.

ANSWERS

"The Indian Girl"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—The song for which "G. W. T." asks in the issue of July 6 is "The Blue Juniata," words and music by Mrs. M. D. Bullivan, published by Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, and included in an old song book, "The Golden Wreath." It also appears in Delaney's Song Book No. 15, entitled there "Bright Alfarata." The song follows:

Wild roved an Indian girl, bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata;
Swift as antelope, through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks in wavy tresses flowing.
Gay was the mountain of bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata;
Strong and true my arrows are, in my painted quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe adown the rapid river.
Bold is my warrior, good the love of Alfarata,
Proud waves her snowy plume along the Juniata;
Soft and low he speaks to me, and then, his war cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder low, from height to height surrounding.
So sang the Indian girl, bright Alfarata,
Where sweeps the waters of the blue Juniata;
Fleeting years have borne away the voice of Alfarata,
Still sweeps the river on, the blue Juniata.

Several correspondents write that the song may be found on page 354 of "Heart Songs," published by Chapple & Co., Boston, under the title "The Blue Juniata."

"The Ivory Gate"

G. A. DAVIS, West New Brighton, N. Y.—The poem asked for by "G. L. D." in your issue of July 15 is by Mortimer Collins, and is entitled "The Ivory Gate." The poem may be found in Stedman's "Victorian Anthology" (Houghton Mifflin Company), at any library. It is too long to publish.

"The Heart Grows Fonder"

ADELAIDE M. PRIME, Middletown, N. Y.—The satire, "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder, Fonder of the Other Fellow," asked for by "F. L." in your issue of July 15 is by John A. Fraser. We give the first and last verses. The poem contains six stanzas and is too long to publish.

I.

It was in the early Summer when my love and I last parted;
She the seaside sought, and left me in the city broken-hearted;
I to sweiter through the Summer, she on sea-kissed shores to wander;
But her last words gave me comfort: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

VI.

One more letter yet she sent me while she at the seaside tarried,
Laughing at our "mild flirtation," telling me that she was—married;
And 'twas thus her note concluded—as I read my face turned yellow:
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder—fonder of the other fellow!"

"My Dad's Dinner Pail"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston—I append a copy of "My Dad's Dinner Pail" for which "A. A. D." asked in the issue of July 15. The words are by Edward Harrigan, set to music by Dave Braham; published in 1883 by William A. Pond & Co., New York. The words are included in William W. Delaney's Song Book No. 12:

MY DAD'S DINNER PAIL.

Preserve that old kettle, so blackened and worn,
It belonged to my father before I was born;
It hung in a corner beyant on a nail,
'Twas the emblem of labor, my dad's dinner pail.

CHORUS.

It glistened like silver, so sparkling and bright,
I am fond of the trifle that held his wee bite;
In Summer or Winter, in snow, rain or hail,
I've carried that kettle, my dad's dinner pail.

When the bell rang for mealtime my father'd come down,
He'd eat with the workmen about on the ground;
He'd share with the laborer and he'd go hall,
You would never reach the bottom of dad's dinner pail.

If the day should be rainy, my father'd stop home,
And he'd polish his kettle as clane as a stone;
He'd joke with my mother and me he would whale
If I put a finger on dad's dinner pail.

There's a place for the coffee and also for bread,
The corned beef and praties, and oft it was said:
"Go fill it with porter, with beer or with ale,"
The drink would taste sweeter from dad's dinner pail.

"Twixt Night and Morn"

HENRY B. TAYLOR, New York—The line "Between two worlds life hovers like a star," asked for by "F. S." in your issue of July 8, is part of the ninety-ninth stanza of the fifteenth canto of Byron's "Don Juan."

"Barbara Frietchie"

M. E. G., New York—In your issue of July 15 "J. Q. E." requested the parody on "Barbara Frietchie." An Anglo-German parody on that poem may be found in "Humorous Hits and How to Hold an Audience," by Granville Kleiser (Funk & Wagnalls). The poem is anonymous, and is too long to publish.

Several other correspondents answered this query.

"Ask Me No More"

WILLIAM HOWE, Troy, N. Y.—The poem asked for by "E. K." in your issue of July 8 is by Thomas Carew, (1598-1639), and may be found in his "Collected Poems" (Dutton) on page 161. The poem is too long to print.

Several correspondents answered this query.

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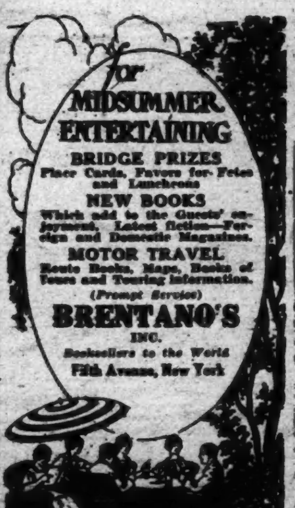

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